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GALILEO AND HIS CONDEMNATION.

THE condemnation of Galileo has now for more than two centuries furnished a fruitful theme for declamation against the Catholic Church ; and Protestants say that from whatever point of view we regard it, whether we look at it as a personal matter, involving harsh and cruel conduct towards an old man who had done only that which he had a right to do, or whether we treat it as a question of doctrine, apparently compromising the infallibility of the Church which condemned, or allowed her regular tribunals to condemn, as false, a system which is now a demonstrated truth in nature, we are involved in many difficulties, and have to confront an argument which may to many minds be urged with fatal effect in preventing them from submitting to the teaching of the Church. Of course, the wrongs of Galileo have been ridiculously caricatured by Protestants and Infidels, and on the defensive side we can always count upon shewing up a farrago of falsehood and nonsense. But still, after all that can be said, two great facts remain, that the Congregations of the Index and Inquisition pronounced the earth's rotation and the sun's fixity to be erroneous and contrary to Scripture; and that the latter congregation imprisoned and punished Galileo for holding and teaching the theory, and at last made him renounce it. We may easily make a very good apology, or plea, in extenuation for the two congregations; but how shall we ever be able to refer with satisfaction to this page in the history of a Church which imposes upon us the duty of unhesitating and unquestioning obedience on the ground of her infallibility? Such is the Protestant charge.

On the personal aspect of the case, so far as it relates to the process against Galileo, his imprisonment and alleged torture, and his subsequent penance and confinement, perhaps all has been said that there is to say; we may refer our readers to

an article in the *Dublin Review* for November 1842, and to a book recently published by the Propaganda in Rome, entitled *Galileo e l'Inquisizione, Memorie storico-critiche*, by Mgr. Marino Marini, Prefect of the Secret Archives of the Holy See. Galileo was not tortured, but was treated with remarkable kindness. His imprisonment and confinement were of the mildest possible character, for he was never in a dungeon, but was allowed to live as a guest (under surveillance), first of the Tuscan Ambassador at Rome, then of the Archbishop at Sienna, and at last he was permitted to retire to his own villa at Arcetri, near Florence. We have no intention of entering now upon the general question of religious persecution; but this we will say, that those who believe the Old Testament to be the word of God cannot deny that He has sanctioned the crushing of falsehood by material means. To make a great outcry about a Christian having put into practice the same principles which were enjoined by God as rules of action upon Moses, Josue, and Samuel,—which were applauded in David, and which S. Peter was inspired to put into practice, may be good policy in one who wishes simply to protest against Rome, caring little what becomes of Christianity, but is suicidal in the Protestant who wishes at the same time to uphold “the whole Bible” as the pure and exclusive revelation of God. The Church has persecuted, and on principle—there is no denying the fact;—but the principle is one of policy and prudence, not of dogma, and, in the present state of the world, she rarely acts upon it; not that in itself the principle is indefensible even on modern grounds, for the punishment of a religious offence by imprisonment and death is in itself no more incompatible with reason, or with the Christian spirit, than the infliction of the same punishments on the thief and the murderer. Though the Church, however, falls in with the modern feeling on this subject, and gladly gives up persecution, yet it would be very difficult to shew that the present spirit which leaves unnoticed all public insults to God and to religion, while it punishes most severely every offence against the material good of society, is more religious than the spirit of the ages of faith, which shewed itself quite as jealous of the honour of God as of the comfort of society and security of property. The language of true faith and charity is that of David, “Nonne qui oderunt te, Domine, oderam? et super inimicos tuos tabescebam? Perfecto odio oderam illos, et inimici facti sunt mihi.” With those who grant this principle we can have no difficulty; we are quite ready to own that it may have been applied erroneously in particular cases; and this concession does not in any way compromise our reverence for the decisions of the Catholic Church,

which has never claimed the gift of infallibility for her decisions about all matters of fact. Her infallible authority is limited to the sphere of revealed doctrine, and facts therewith connected.

We will then at once pass on to the consideration of the doctrinal aspect of the question, and inquire how far the Church is committed by the decisions of the Roman Inquisition and the Congregation of the Index to an assertion of the truth of the geocentric system, or of the falsehood of the Copernican theory, and whether she in any way compromised her infallible authority by treating these theories as within the sphere of revealed dogma, when the above-named tribunals pronounced on theological grounds concerning their truth or falsehood. In order to treat this part of our subject more satisfactorily, we will give a slight sketch of the rise and progress of the Copernican theory.

The Pythagoreans, according to Philolaus of Croton, taught the progressive movement of the non-rotating earth, revolving round the focus of the world. Aristarchus of Samos, and Seleucus of Babylon, came to know that the earth both rotated on its axis and also moved round the sun, which they recognised as the centre of the whole planetary system. A German Cardinal, Nicolas de Cuss, or Cusa, was the first in Christian times again to ascribe to our planet, almost a century before Copernicus, both rotation on its axis and translation in space, in direct contradiction to the received doctrines of the schools. The theory was, however, only maintained by him on metaphysical grounds; and in consequence of recent discoveries of his writings, it has become doubtful whether he did not simply imagine, not that the earth moved round the sun, but that they moved together round the constantly changing pole of the universe. The next to revive this theory, no longer on metaphysical but on physical and mathematical grounds, was another ecclesiastic, Nicholas Copernicus, a priest, and canon of Frauenburg; a man well known in Rome, where "he was held in such estimation (says Galileo) that Leo X. summoned him to the Lateran Council, which was then employed on the correction of the calendar; here he was ordered to study the motions of the planets with reference to this object, and in obedience to the command he gradually developed his theory, which he reduced to writing, and published at the urgent request of the Cardinal of Capua (Schomberg) and the Bishop of Culm. And as it was by order of Leo X. that he had undertaken the work, he dedicated it to the reigning Pope, Paul III." Such is the exclusively ecclesiastical origin of this theory. And though in obedience to the generally recognised principle, that it is inexpedient to disturb received opinions, when connected with

religion, by putting forth contrary theories in a dogmatic form, unless they were based on absolute demonstration, he allowed an anonymous preface (generally ascribed to one Ossiander, a mathematician of Nuremburg, who superintended the printing of the work) to be prefixed to his book *De Revolutionibus*, stating "that he only advanced his views as mere hypotheses, which fulfilled the object of submitting the orbits of the heavenly bodies more conveniently to calculation, but which need not necessarily be true, or even probable," he does not scruple in his dedication to the Pope to term the general opinion of theologians "an absurd acroama," and to attack the stupidity of those who adhere to so false a theory. "If perchance," he says, "there shall be any vain babblers, who, though ignorant of all mathematical science, yet assume a right to pronounce upon it, and, on the strength of some text of Scripture distorted to support their views, blame and abuse my work, I let them do so; but I also will take leave to despise their judgment as rash. . . . Mathematics are written for mathematicians, who will, I think, agree that my labours are of some use to the ecclesiastical republic of which your Holiness is now the head." The theory was thus propounded by ecclesiastics, who were in a peculiar manner subject to the supreme authority of the Church, and propounded in a way most calculated to arouse the prejudices of the Peripatetics, who then filled the most important stations at Rome. Yet the book which contained this audacious challenge to the followers of the scholastic system was published in 1543, and was left without censure or prohibition for nearly three quarters of a century, namely till the year 1616;—a plain proof, one would think, that the Church had no direct conviction on the subject, and that she did not trouble herself with physical theories as such, unless they were brought into collision with her doctrines.

At the last-mentioned period, however, another policy prevailed. After two unsuccessful denunciations of Galileo, who was then the representative and acknowledged defender of the theory of Copernicus, to the Holy Office in April 1611 on account of his *Nuntius Sidereus*, and in February 1615 on account of a letter on the interpretation of Scripture, his case was again brought before the same tribunal in the next year, and a decree was published, dated February 25, 1616, in which the two propositions, of the stability of the sun and of the motion of the earth, were, by the command of the Pope and the Inquisitors, stigmatised by the theological qualifiers of the Holy Office as follows: "The proposition that the sun is the centre of the world, and immovable from its place, is absurd, philosophically false, and formally heretical, because it is expressly

contrary to holy Scripture. And the proposition that the earth is not the centre of the world, nor immovable, but that it moves, and also with a diurnal motion, is absurd, philosophically false, and, theologically considered, at least erroneous in faith." On the following day this decision was read to Galileo in the presence of Cardinal Bellarmine; and the philosopher, after a mild admonition from his Eminence, was commanded by the acting commissary of the Holy Office, before a notary and witnesses, to relinquish altogether the said false opinion, and in future neither to defend nor teach it; then, upon promising obedience, he was dismissed. But as something more than a decision of the Holy Office is required in order to condemn a proposition, the Congregation of the Index published after eight days, *i.e.* on the 5th of March, the following censure on the Copernican theory: "Since it has come to the knowledge of this holy Congregation, that the false Pythagorean doctrine, altogether opposed to the divine Scripture, of the mobility of the earth and immobility of the sun, as taught by Copernicus in his book *De Revolutionibus*, and by Diego à Stunica in his commentary on Job, is being promulgated and accepted by many, as may be seen by a printed letter of F. Foscarini, in which he attempts to prove that the said doctrine is consonant to truth, and not opposed to holy Scripture;—therefore, lest this opinion insinuate itself farther, to the damage of Catholic truth, this Congregation has decreed that the said books of Copernicus and à Stunica be suspended till they are corrected, and that the book of Foscarini, and all others teaching the same thing, be prohibited."

In spite, however, of the propositions having been thus stigmatised by a competent tribunal, Galileo was not required to renounce them, but simply to promise not to teach them, as may be seen from the following certificate, which he obtained from Cardinal Bellarmine on the 27th of May, in the same year. "We, R. Card. Bellarmine, having understood that Galileo is calumniously reported to have abjured in our presence, and to have been subjected to penance—being asked the truth of this matter, affirm that the aforesaid Galileo never abjured before us, nor before others, here in Rome, nor any where else that we know of, any opinion or doctrine of his, and that he had no penance imposed on him; but simply that the declaration made by our Lord the Pope, and published by the holy Congregation of the Index, was announced to him." And not only was he thus by implication permitted to hold this "false and unscriptural doctrine," but he appears to have left Rome with the conviction, that though he had been compelled to promise not to teach it *quovis modo*, his teaching it

ex suppositione, as a mere hypothesis, would be connived at. This he had a good right to think, as even the work of Copernicus was not absolutely condemned, but only suspended till it should be corrected. Cardinal Gaetani was employed to do this service, and he carefully changed every dogmatic assertion of the two propositions, or any conclusion from them, into a merely hypothetical statement, after which the work was allowed. With this well-founded conviction in his mind, it is not to be wondered at that Galileo soon began again to write on the forbidden subject. In 1618 Father Grassi published a discourse on three comets, some statements in which called forth, in 1619, a reply from Mario Guiducci, a pupil of Galileo. Grassi answered in a book called the *Astronomical Balance*, and this work was refuted by Galileo himself, in a book called the *Saggiatore*, published by the Linceans at Rome in 1623, and dedicated to the new Pope, Urban VIII. Galileo ran great danger of being summoned before the Inquisition in consequence, but he was saved by the interposition of Cardinal Barberini. In 1624 he went again to Rome, and had a long audience of the Pope, when he seems to have had some hopes of obtaining a commutation of the censure of 1616. In an account of the conversation, he said that the Pope had declared to Cardinal Hohenzoller, that the Church had never condemned the Copernican theory as heretical, but only as rash. Whatever doubts Mgr. Marini may throw on the truth of this assertion, it is clear that Galileo returned to Florence with the conviction that his bringing the subject again under discussion would be connived at; he therefore, in 1632, published his celebrated dialogue on the great astronomical systems, the chief arguments of which had been already circulated in the shape of letters, and covered his palpable desire to persuade his hearers of the truth of the system by the following declaration,* which he prefixed to his work: "A few years ago a prudent edict was published at Rome, by which, in order to counteract the dangerous scandals of the present day, the Pythagorean opinion of the mobility of the earth was silenced. Some persons said that the decree was inconsiderate and rash, the result of passion, not of judgment; and it was whispered that theologians, altogether ignorant of astronomy, ought not by this unexpected edict to clip the wings of persons investigating that science. . . . I was myself then at Rome. The Cardinals of that court not only listened to me, but applauded

* This preface has been treated by most writers as a gratuitous piece of impertinence. It appears from Monsignor Marini (p. 110), that it was written entirely at the suggestion, and almost from the dictation, of P. Riccardi, the Master of the Sacred Palace, who had examined and approved the *Dialogue*.

me; and it was not without some previous information on my part that the decree was published. . . . In this Dialogue I have assumed the character of a Copernican, proceeding on pure mathematical hypothesis, and I have endeavoured by all rules of art to shew the superiority of this theory over the other, which makes the earth immovable; not, however, as an absolute matter of fact, but as a logical conclusion, relatively to the arguments used against it." In this Dialogue the defence of the Ptolemaic system was put into the mouth of a person aptly named Simplicio, and the enemies of Galileo persuaded the Pope that he was represented under this name. The Pope, in his conversation with Galileo, had defended the Ptolemaic system, doubtless with the usual arguments; and it would have been uncommonly difficult for Galileo to have avoided putting into the mouth of Simplicio the very words used by the Pope. There is no proof whatever that any insult was intended; but the Pope was made angry, as he considered it to be a studied impertinence, and sent the case to the Inquisition. Galileo had employed great cunning in getting the *imprimatur*, first of the Master of the Sacred Palace to his Dialogue, and, when this was withdrawn, in obtaining that of the Censor of Florence. But the real gravamen of the charge was, that, after having promised, in 1616, never again to teach this theory, he now openly recommended it. He professed to teach the question only as an hypothesis;* but Father Inchofer, the Consultor of the Holy Office, reported that "the intention of Galileo evidently was to teach and establish the system; to defend it so as to preserve it in its integrity; and, though promising to proceed by pure hypothesis, to entangle his readers in necessary conclusions. He refers to the motion of the earth as the one genuine and proper cause of several manifest natural effects. . . . A man may be said to defend an opinion which he only maintains without confuting the opposite theory, much more than one who defends it in such a way as utterly to destroy the contrary hypothesis. Copernicus contented himself with propounding a simple theory, and merely claimed to give an easier solution to the celestial phenomena by his hypothesis. But Galileo, though he promises to proceed by mathematical hypothesis, conducts his argument to physical and necessary conclusions." And again, "the defence of the true doctrine is put into the mouth of a blockhead." "He departs from hypothesis sometimes by asserting absolutely the motion of the earth and stability of the sun, sometimes by qualifying the arguments on which it is founded as demonstrative and necessary, or by treating the

* Marini, p. 108.

negative side as impossible. He talks of the Copernican theory as if it had never been condemned, nay, as if he expected a decision upon it. He misuses the authors who oppose it, particularly those which are used by the Church." Galileo, in his defence, urged that he left the question undecided, and that he expressly called his conclusion *probable* only. But he was told that this was "equally a very grave error, since an opinion can in no way be probable which has been already declared and finally determined to be contrary to the divine Scriptures;" and his offence was thus summed up at the end of the final decree of the Inquisition, dated June 30, 1633: "You have rendered yourself vehemently suspected by this Holy Office of heresy; that is to say, that you believe and hold the false doctrine, and contrary to the holy Scriptures, that the sun is the centre of the world, &c.; also that an opinion can be held and supported as probable after it has been declared and finally decreed to be contrary to the holy Scripture, and consequently that you have incurred all the censures and penalties enjoined and promulgated in the sacred canons. . . . From which it is our pleasure that you be absolved, provided that, first, with a sincere heart and unfeigned faith, in our presence you abjure, curse, and detest the said errors and heresies, and every other error and heresy contrary to the Catholic and Apostolic Church of Rome."

Now it must be at once seen that, though these are not formal definitions of the Pope or of the Church, they are decisions of councils of Cardinals delegated by the Supreme Pontiff for the express purpose of making such decisions; that they are throughout referred to as decrees of Popes, as the voice of the Church, as the final, and therefore unchangeable declaration of the falsehood and unscripturalness of a doctrine. We may add, that for long afterwards they were considered to be Papal decrees, as may be seen from the declaration prefixed to the third book of Newton's *Principia* by the Minim (commonly called Jesuit) editors Jaquier and Le Seur, dated at Rome and published at Geneva in 1741. "Newton," they say, "in this book assumes the hypothesis of the motion of the earth; and the author's propositions could not be explained except upon the same hypothesis. Hence we have been compelled to act a part; but we declare that we obey the decrees that have been made by the Supreme Pontiffs against the motion of the earth." And even out of Italy, where theologians weighed with less bias the precise value of the decrees, it seemed a doubtful point whether the holding Copernican views had not been made a formal heresy. Fromond of Louvain, a contemporary of Galileo, himself a great opponent of the new theory, in a chapter of his

Ant-Aristarchus, entitled "Whether the opinion of Copernicus is now to be esteemed heretical," after citing authorities on the affirmative side, says: "But it seems that several learned Catholics in Italy, France, Germany, and Belgium care very little for these authorities, grounding themselves on the persuasion that the authority of the Cardinals in defining matters of faith is not the highest, nor co-extensive with that of the Pope. Moreover, they have a very plausible way of explaining the passages of Scripture which make against them. But these arguments do not make them sufficiently secure, because the Congregation acts with full Papal authority; and, as may be seen by the bull of erection in 1588, the Congregation of the Index always submits its decisions to the Pope, by whom they are examined and ratified, from whom they receive their authority. According to this rule, the decree in question must have been examined and confirmed by the Pope, by whom, therefore, the theory is denounced as false, repugnant to Scripture, and heretical. Thus a severe man would judge. But," proceeds Fromond, "when I consider how circumspect and slow Popes usually are in defining matters of faith *ex cathedra*, and that they always issue these decrees in their own, not in other persons' names, I think that the censure must be somewhat softened, and the authority of the Congregation of the Index must be supposed not equal, but next to that of the Pope. So I would not yet dare to condemn the Copernicans of open heresy, unless I were to see another more express decree emanate from the Head of the Church himself. Nevertheless, the Copernican opinion is at least rash, and has one foot within the limits of heresy, unless the Holy See determine otherwise."

But even though it had been a Papal decree, it would be a farther question, *how* it binds the consciences of Catholics. "Not reverence only and simple subjection are to be shewn to Papal decrees," says Zollinger,* "but they must also be rightly interpreted, and their matter must be attentively considered, as well as the manner in which that matter is handled; for Papal constitutions have force only in that sense, and within those limits within which the Pope intended them to be confined. Ballerinus well says, 'Not a few persons have an absurd prejudice that all the dicta and rescripts of Popes are equivalent to definitions of faith; nor do they perceive that by so doing, while they wish to assist, they do the greatest injury to the Papal cause, and supply many objections to the adversaries of his infallibility.' To make a definition of faith two things are required: 1. that the matter which is defined should be ex-

* *Isagoge*, cap. vi. § 95.

pressly mentioned as appertaining to faith or to divine law ; 2. that something should be ordered to be believed, or held as pertaining to faith or to divine law, or to be reprobated as an error repugnant to the same."

Now, the direct object of the decrees in question was, in the case of the Inquisition, the person of Galileo ; in that of the Index, the books of Copernicus, à Stunica, and Foscarini: they are not formally directed to propositions at all, but the propositions are referred to *obiter*, as if they had been already condemned as false and unscriptural. In the case of the censure of the Index, this is perfectly clear ; but in the case of the decree of the Inquisition, we do find a direct condemnation of two propositions. We must therefore examine what is the authority of this censure. Now, it is remarkable that all theologians who refer to the condemnation of the Copernican theory refer not to the decree of the Inquisition, but to that of the Congregation of the Index ; for this latter Congregation alone has the power of censuring books and propositions as such ; the Holy Office has authority to censure *persons* exclusively. "When any one," says Suarez, "is openly accused as a heretic, because he has asserted such a proposition, first an examination is made whether such a proposition in itself is heretical or not, and afterwards an inquiry is made into the *animus* with which it was affirmed by the accused. The first part is determined by theologians, on the principles of the faith, not on testimony or witnesses of the fact. The second part is inquired into by inquisitors and criminal judges, by proofs and witnesses of the fact."* The theologians are the Congregation of the Index ; the inquisitors or criminal judges are the Holy Office. The former is the only tribunal which can censure propositions ; the latter does not even pretend to do so, but employs theologians, under the title of qualifiers, to prepare the cases and qualify the propositions asserted by the accused person, in such a way as to render him liable to the authority of the Holy Office. But as this Congregation was instituted for the suppression of heresy, no proposition could form matter of accusation in its court unless they were qualified as heretical. In our own Court of Queen's Bench, peaceful persons are adjudged to have done many things by force and arms, because the court was constituted for affairs of the king's peace, and had no other way of widening its jurisdiction except by interpreting one class of injuries after another as acts of violence. The Inquisition was as much compelled by its forms to consider every point with nominal reference to heresy and orthodoxy, as the Court of Queen's Bench to decide actions for breach of con-

* De Fid. dis. xix. sec. 2, no. 3.

tract upon a supposition of money detained by force. The persons employed to prepare cases so as to bring them within the jurisdiction of the Holy Office were called *qualifiers*, subordinate officers delegated by the Inquisition, which has no right to delegate to its servants powers which itself does not possess. If the Inquisition has no right to determine the truth or falsehood of a proposition, much less have its inferior officers. The qualifiers have no right to censure a proposition; they only prepare the process, bring it within the forms required by the inquisitorial law, give opinions and propositions their legal not their theological or philosophical appreciation. This was a perfectly notorious practice of that court. Martin Luther, speaking of the refusal of the prefect of a town in the Roman states to pay his accustomed tribute to the Pope, and of the measures taken against him, says, "such impertinence must always in his spiritual law be called heresy."*

Neither can it be said that this qualification of the two propositions as foolish, false, and heretical, was founded on the censure of the Congregation of the Index; the dates disprove this, for the decree of the Inquisition was published in February, and that of the Index in March, 1616. The qualifiers of the Inquisition, subordinate officers of a tribunal which had no jurisdiction over propositions, but only over persons, had to qualify propositions, without having any previous decree to refer to, which had been promulgated by a legitimate authority. After the publication of the inquisitorial decree, Galileo impatiently waited for the censure of the Index; and when, after eight days, it made its appearance, he considered it a matter of triumph that it had not confirmed the qualification of the Inquisition by calling the doctrine heretical; but that it simply alluded to it as a "false Pythagorean doctrine, altogether adverse (*omnino adversans*) to holy Scripture." On the day after the promulgation of this censure, Galileo, quite in triumph, wrote to his friend Picchena, "the result has not been favourable to my enemies; the doctrine of Copernicus not having been declared heretical, but only as not consonant to the holy Scriptures; whence the sole prohibition is of those works in which that consonance is maintained." Galileo was wrong here; because the censure implied the prohibition of all books wherein the absolute truth of the Copernican theory was maintained; and also, as he found to his cost in 1633, of all those in which it was maintained as (physically) *probable*. The prohibition was really of all books in which the new doctrine was maintained in any other form than that of mathematical hypothesis. What practical liberty physical philosophers had

* Adv. Papat. circ. init.

under this prohibition, we shall be able to see more clearly after we have considered the terms of the censure of the Index. The Copernican theory is in this censure stigmatised as being 1. a false Pythagorean doctrine; and 2. altogether adverse to holy Scripture. The first clause is equivalent to that of the qualification of the Inquisition, where the doctrine is said to be "philosophically false" and "absurd." Whatever be thought as to whether the Congregation of the Index exceeded their functions in giving this opinion, it is a principle laid down by S. Thomas,* and insisted upon by canonists,† that in matters of philosophy and not of faith, the dicta of the holy fathers are of no more authority than the dicta of the philosophers whom they follow.‡ As philosophers and men of science, strict followers of Aristotle, "*Pretti Peripatetici*," as Prince Cesi calls them, the Cardinals of the Congregation of the Index had individually full right to say that, from their point of view, the new theory was false and absurd; but no authority which belonged to them could give greater weight to this opinion of theirs than belonged to the ground on which their opinion rested; those who condemn Pythagoras on the authority of Aristotle have as much weight as Aristotle, but no more; they have not the slightest claim on our conscience. But it is different when an authoritative tribunal like that of the Index declares that a doctrine is "altogether adverse to holy Scripture;" it then becomes the duty of every obedient child of the Church to examine what the Holy See intends by this declaration, and how far it is obligatory on the conscience. We have already seen that Cardinal Bellarmine, who was notoriously the prime mover of the censure of 1616, and may therefore be considered a legitimate interpreter of it, gave a certificate to Galileo, that though this censure had been read over to him, he had not been required to renounce his doctrine.§

* In ii. Sent. dis. 4, art. 2. in corp. et in resp. ad 1.

† *e. g.* Fagnanus, de const. "ne imitatis," no. 9.

‡ That S. Thomas, in common with the school theologians, considered astronomical theories in particular to be mere questions of philosophy and not of theology, appears from the following quotations. Peter Lombard, Sent. ii. dist. 14. "There is also a question of what figure the heaven is; but the Holy Spirit, though our authors (the prophets and apostles) might have known, would not say any thing by them except that which is profitable to salvation. Again, it is a question whether the heaven is at rest or in motion. If in motion, why is it called *firmament*? If at rest, how do the fixed stars revolve in it?" On this S. Thomas remarks (Expos. Textus), "Some saints assert, and philosophers prove, that the heaven is of a spherical figure, as is also demonstrated by natural and mathematical proofs. There are two opinions about the motion of the heaven. Aristotle says that the spheres only are moved, and that the stars have no proper motion. But Ptolemy will have it that the stars have their own motion, besides the motion of the sphere." Here we have it distinctly asserted that the Ptolemaic system is a question of philosophy and not of theology.

§ See F. Favre in *Tractatu Thesaurus Theol.* vol. 4. Venice, 1772.

It was therefore contrary to Scripture, not absolutely so as to make it impossible that a persuasion of the truth of the Copernican system should co-exist in the same mind with faith in the divine inspiration of Scripture; but contrary to Scripture, as being inconsistent with the then generally received and authoritative explanation of the divine word. That this was the meaning attached to the words "contrary to Scripture," is shewn by some words of Bellarmine, which are recorded by F. Grassi, (Galileo's opponent in 1625,) in which he declares that "when a demonstration shall be found to establish the earth's motion, it will be proper to interpret the holy Scriptures otherwise than they have hitherto been in those passages where mention is made of the movement of the heavens and the stability of the earth." This passage will explain the meaning of the censure on Galileo, in 1633, for maintaining that the theory was *probable*; it evidently did not mean that he was not allowed to suppose it capable of proof, for, as we saw just now, he was not compelled to abjure it when he notoriously held it to be true; there was nothing to forbid a philosopher from accumulating as many facts as he had an opportunity of knowing, for a proof of the system; and of course no one would collect facts to prove a thing which he held to be incapable of proof; to allow a philosopher to look for a demonstration of a theory is to allow him to hold it to be probable. What was objected to Galileo in 1633 was this, that from phenomena which received a full interpretation by means of the Ptolemaic system, he pretended to deduce a proof of the new system, shewing thereby that he looked on both systems as equally probable in themselves, though one accorded with, and the other was opposed to, the words of Scripture as usually and literally interpreted; and this he must have done on the false principle, professed now by so many geologists and other scientific men, that Scripture does not even pretend to speak on matters of natural history, and that it contains no revelation of any truth not directly religious. Against this erroneous principle we argued in a series of papers entitled "Religion and Modern Philosophy," which appeared in the *Rambler* for September 1850; and it appears to us that it is against this doctrine that the part of the censure of 1633 is directed, where Galileo is condemned for having maintained the "false doctrine," that "an opinion can be held and supported as probable, after it has been declared and finally decreed to be contrary to the holy Scripture."

Hence we may gather the meaning of the words "repugnant to Scripture," as used by the Congregation of the Index; the doctrine is contrary to Scripture only in such a sense as

does not exclude the possibility of its being one day found to be in accordance with Scripture; that is, it is contrary to the present and common interpretation of Scripture, without entering into the question whether this interpretation is absolutely the correct and true one. It is contrary to Scripture, not absolutely, but as commonly received and interpreted; it attacks the Scripture, not in itself, but in the estimation with which it is regarded. It is contrary, not perhaps to the real meaning of the words of Scripture, but to the honour in which it should be held, to the authority which men ought to attribute to it. The same authority which bids us believe in the inspiration of Scripture, clearly forbids us to hold or maintain any physical theory which contradicts Scripture either really or in our own opinion; or to maintain any which, in the opinion of Christians generally, is contrary to the divine word, and subversive of its truth, even in its accidental statements. For our religion equally forbids us to doubt ourselves, or to occasion doubts to arise in the minds of our fellow Christians; hence it may evidently be an offence against religion to maintain even a truth of physical science under certain circumstances: if Scripture, for instance, has always been explained on a contrary theory, and if the faith of Christians would receive a rude shock from its sudden overthrow; if the new doctrine be a mere view, only plausible, and not scientifically demonstrated; if it is put forward with dogmatism and a supreme carelessness of what may become of the authority of Scripture in the minds of those who become converts to the new opinion,—in such circumstances the tribunals of the Church are quite justified in branding it as an offence against religion, whether it be called by the generic name of heresy, or whether it be specified as contrary to Scripture, that is, tending to undermine the authority of the inspired writings.

We may even go further, and say, that under such circumstances the Church is plainly bound, in her care for the faith of the multitude, to interpose, and without pronouncing dogmatically as to whether the view may or may not afterwards come out as a physical and scientific truth, (which would exceed the limits of her authority,) to declare that it is at present rash, dangerous, false, and heretical theologically, as tending to subvert the authority of Scripture in the minds of men; to forbid its being taught as a demonstrated fact, and to reduce it to what it really is at the time, a mere hypothesis, useful to explain phenomena, but not certain as a real fact in nature; and lastly, to prevent any such a public discussion of the new views, even as a mere hypothesis, as may tend to produce a mistrust of the truth of Scripture; but at the same time to

give individuals liberty to hold it, provided they can reconcile it in their own minds with the supreme authority of Scripture, and provided they will abstain from teaching it in the manner forbidden by the Church.

And this was precisely the position in which the Copernican theory stood in the time of Galileo. Up to that period, besides the apparent authority of Scripture, which had always been understood as teaching plainly the geocentric system, all observation and experiment had coincided with the theory of Ptolemy. All the evidence which men could obtain from their senses entirely contradicted the Copernican hypothesis; all their perceptions were opposed to it: they felt the earth to be immovable; they saw the sun and stars in motion; and they saw that the ball dropped from the summit of the tower fell straight to the base, instead of being left behind. Moreover, the Ptolemaic theory had sufficed for centuries to explain and to account for all the observed motions of the planets as logically and as precisely as the Copernican theory does now; and it was during all this time found capable of taking in and preserving all the exact knowledge of the world. Such being the state of the case,—religion, experience, the prejudices of education, and philosophy, being strongly attached to the old theory,—a new system suddenly makes its appearance and claims to supersede the old; and on what grounds? Because it accounted for phenomena in a more simple way than the old theory. But then the old theory *did* account for phenomena, however complex it might have been; and simplicity is not always an infallible test of truth. Again, it was in analogy with the newly-discovered system of Jupiter's satellites, and accounted for the moonlike phases of Venus which the telescope revealed. And these three points constituted about the whole proof which Galileo could bring forward. His other arguments, from the tides and magnetism of the earth, are all moonshine. The Newtonian theory of gravitation was then unknown; and the periods of the revolutions of the planets appeared quite as disconnected and random as did the cycles and epicycles of the old theory. Newton first explained the one law on which the revolutions depended; before his time there was nothing to make the Copernican system more plausible and reasonable than the Ptolemaic theory. The modern demonstrations of the annual motion of the earth,—namely, the micrometrical observations on the discs of the bodies of the solar system, and especially the great discovery of the aberration of light, by which that motion is made evident to the senses,—were then unknown; and as to the diurnal motion, it was unproved till Richer's voyage to Cayenne, where he was

obliged to shorten his pendulum. And it is only within the last few months that an experiment has been devised by which this motion may be exhibited to the senses, namely, by the apparent revolution of the plane of the vibration of a pendulum over a fixed horizontal table. Before these demonstrations, there was no solid reason to induce men to disbelieve the evidence of their senses. The most decided Copernicans were reduced to mere probabilities, and were obliged to confine themselves to preaching up the simplicity of the Copernican system, as compared with the absurd complexity of that of Ptolemy.* It is now generally taken for granted that the Copernican theory is self-evident. So far from that being the case, we may safely affirm, that up to Galileo's time the balance of proof was in favour of the old system; that is, the old system was at that time *the* probable one, and Copernicus' theory the improbable one. Now add to this the reputed unscripturalness of the latter system; and we have abundant reason for all that the Roman courts did or intended to do. They would not allow it to be taught as true, or even as probable; but they would allow it to be explained and elucidated as a mere hypothesis, and they placed no bar against any scientific man who chose to accumulate observations with a view to testing its truth. More especially they forbade, in the then state of the case, any attempt to disturb the received explanation of Scripture. For as it was not clear that the Copernican theory would eventually stand, it was simply undermining the authority of the divine word to change its interpretation in favour of a floating hypothesis, with no security that in a few years the old interpretation would not require to be restored, with much damage to the authority of Scripture. Hence Foscarini's book, and all that treated the same subject, namely, harmonising the expressions of Scripture with the Copernican theory, were not only suspended, but absolutely forbidden and condemned.

It is generally said that Galileo mixed up theology with science, and insisted on theology being forced to submit to his science; and so was condemned not for being a good philosopher, but for being a bad theologian. But it must be owned that he appears to have been almost forced to take this line by the numerous attacks made on him by theologians, on the simple ground of the meaning of Scripture: he was held up to the hatred of the vulgar as a heretic, and no wonder that he insisted on being cleared from this charge. But, as we have shewn, it was impossible that he should then be cleared; his theory was not demonstrated, and it was opposed to the common interpre-

* Delambre, *Astron. Mod.* Discours préf.

tation of Scripture. The Church, not having information on these subjects, could not possibly foresee that his doctrine would turn out to be the right one, and therefore could not suffer the sense of Scripture to be modified; Galileo's only chance was to rest patiently, and to smile at the condemnation of the populace, while he was not condemned by the Holy See. But this he could not brook; he would not live in a state of perpetual compromise, being continually denounced to the Inquisition, and always getting off on some legal quibble. Therefore, to use the words of Guicciardini (the Tuscan ambassador),* "Galileo demanded that the Pope and the Holy Office should declare the Copernican system to be founded on the Bible; he wrote memorial after memorial. Paul V., wearied with his importunities, decreed that the controversy should be determined in a Congregation; and having sent for Cardinal Bellarmine, ordered him to bring it immediately before the Holy Office." Though the Bishop of Fermo† had tried to persuade Galileo "not to raise the question," and many other Cardinals and prelates had advised the same thing,‡ he got his friend Cardinal Orsini to force it on to the notice of the Pope in season and out of season (*arrepta potius quam capta occasione*), and at last provoked the Pope to order it to be proceeded with immediately. The decision was, of course, unfavourable; and it is difficult to see how it could have been otherwise. But though unfavourable, it was as mild as it could possibly be. The propositions were not formally qualified, but merely mentioned *obiter* as false in philosophy and contrary to Scripture; not in themselves,—for Galileo was reckoned a good Catholic, though he refused to give them up,—but in their relation to the then prevalent acceptance of Scripture.

So much for the decrees of 1616. The affair of 1633 was merely personal; it was a simple question of whether Galileo had or had not disobeyed the orders given him in 1616. No new condemnation of the theory took place; indeed, it was not again brought before the Congregation of the Index. In the judgment, the two decrees of 1616 were recited, and Galileo was condemned of having infringed them, and sentenced not now merely to receive a simple admonition, but to subscribe *ex animo* to the condemnation of the doctrine, and in the presence of the Inquisitors, "with a sincere heart and unfeigned faith to abjure, curse, and detest the said errors and heresies, together with all other heresies contrary to the Catholic Church." Galileo did so; and has been accused by

* Despatch of 4th May, 1616; Marino Marini, p. 94.

† Letter of April 28, 1615, in Venturi.

‡ Guicciardini; Despatch of March 4, 1616.

many of dishonest conduct, especially as he is reported to have said, when he signed his declaration, "*e pur si muove*," "it moves for all that." But a little consideration will shew that he may have acted quite conscientiously. The Inquisition in 1633 could not compel him to condemn the Copernican propositions in any wider sense than that in which the Index condemned them in 1616; that is, simply as being accidentally contrary to the dignity and estimation of Scripture, and as being false in the sense of unproved. He could, then, with the greatest propriety express his contrition* that he had made the arguments from the solar spots and from the tides appear conclusive and necessary, when in truth they were eminently inconclusive and capable of refutation; he could also declare that he did not, and never had, held the condemned opinion to be true (*i. e.* demonstratively proved); and he could beg permission to be allowed to write another book to refute his Dialogue, and to prove how inconclusive his arguments were: all this he did, and could do sincerely, without in the least giving up his conviction, that after all the new doctrine would prove true, and that in after ages the interpretation of the Scriptures would have to be altered so as to coincide with it. He abjured the doctrine as an absolutely demonstrated truth, which it was not at that time; and cursed it as false and heretical, which it was in relation to the then state of biblical interpretation. Galileo's great mistake was this: he attempted to get a theory approved as true, before he could demonstrate it to be so; and he tried to get the old theory, which was mixed up in men's minds with the truth of Scripture, denounced as false, before he could prove that such was the case. The Copernican theory was then *false*, if it came before the judge with the claim of being a demonstrated truth; and it was *foolish*, if it was presented to theologians to be recommended as a theological truth, before it could be shewn to be a physical fact.

The Church only claims to have authority in subjects of faith or morals. On subjects of philosophy her decisions are of no more dogmatic value than the opinions of the philosophers whom she follows. But here a difficulty occurs; because, as these decisions prove, the Church may sometimes act as though she did not know the limits of her infallibility, and is subject to the apparent mistake of issuing decrees in a dogmatic form on matters over which she has no control, so as to necessitate an inquiry, after a decision has been promulgated, whether the matter is such as to fall within the control of the infallible authority. Hence there would arise the right of appeal in every case to another tribunal, to decide whether the question

* Marino Marini, p. 129.

† Ib. p. 130.

came within the jurisdiction of the Church; and in that court of appeal would practically reside a great share of the real supremacy. This is a very real and practical difficulty, and it was felt in a late correspondence of the Catholic Poor-School Committee with the Committee of Council on Education, when the right was claimed for the Catholic Bishops, not only of deciding all questions of faith and morals, but also of pronouncing what are questions of faith and morals; to which it was objected, that there was no security against every conceivable question concerning any subject of knowledge being treated as a question of faith or of morals, and so being brought within the immediate jurisdiction of the Catholic Episcopate.

After all, the difficulty is not so great in reality: it is generally very easy to decide whether a question is one of theology, politics, or natural science; or in mixed questions, it is not difficult to separate the religious element. When, therefore, the Church calls a philosophical system true or false, she never supposes her decisions to be of infallible authority as to their scientific truth, but as to their religious tendency in given circumstances. It is well known that particular philosophical or political opinions are almost invariably professed by members of certain religious sects. Though it may be difficult to say why such a system is necessarily bound up with such a religious creed, yet the fact is so. In such cases, the promulgation of the theory would be perhaps a promulgation of religious error, in consequence of the accidental connexion. The Church, therefore, condemns the theory as false and heretical, not because she knows it to be so in reality, but because she knows that in fact it is intimately connected, whether essentially or accidentally, with errors in faith or morals. She has the profoundest certainty that her doctrines and discipline are true, and she condemns whatever is brought into formal opposition to them, and calls it false, because it is opposed to the truth. Whether this opposition is essential or accidental, she need not decide farther than this: that in one case the form of her decision would probably be a dogmatic decree, emanating from the Pope himself; in the latter case it would be merely a temporary suspension, prohibition, or silencing of a theory, by authority of the Congregation of the Index, and of the Holy Office, as the decree against the Copernican theory.

This decree does not pretend to settle a point of faith, but only to silence a theory which at a certain time was found dangerous. Thus it was understood; as may be seen by Galileo's preface to his Dialogue, written by the direction of the Master of the Sacred Palace. And the grounds of this decision may be very well conceived. Protestantism and Infi-

delity were at that time as unscrupulous as they are now in their choice of weapons to be used against the Catholic Church; and a new theory like that of Copernicus might easily, as Galileo confesses, be made the vehicle of insinuations against the authority of the Church, or be used in confirmation of pernicious doctrines, as in the 18th century it was used by Wolf to illustrate and recommend the Leibnitzian theory of pre-determined harmonies.*

And in this sense and scope the condemnation of the theory of Copernicus was no isolated act on the part of the Church; it is only one among a multitude of similar events. The Church in the middle ages condemned "the sinful reading of works on physics;"† even the works of Aristotle were prohibited: this is a precisely similar case. She did not pronounce upon the science in question, but on the danger of the study, and the moral effect which usually followed. Alchemy was suspected and prohibited, because it was employed for magical purposes. The Copernican theory was treated in the same way, because it was studied in order to prove the Church to be fallible. For the same kind of reason theologians had always "repressed empirical inquiry in the departments of physics, organic morphology, and astronomy, which was for the most part closely allied to astrology."‡

And though this discouragement did not prevent ecclesiastics from taking the lead in the physical sciences, as the names of Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, and Nicholas Copernicus, all of them in holy orders, will prove; yet ecclesiastical history teems with instances of men who fell under the suspicion of heresy for the same reasons as caused Galileo to be persecuted. To give an example which the Copernicans of the 17th century used to bring forward: There lived in Bavaria, during the eighth century, a bishop, now a canonised saint, named Virgilius, who was much superior to his contemporaries in physical science and profane learning. He had come to a conclusion contrary to the opinion of his age and to the teaching of St. Augustine, that men were to be found over the whole spherical surface of the globe, and that the inhabitants of opposite hemispheres stood foot to foot as antipodes. The meaning of Virgilius was misunderstood, and he was supposed to assert the existence of another world beneath the surface of the earth, with its own men, and its own sun and moon. St. Boniface, the apostle and legate of Germany, denounced these opinions as impious and repugnant to religion, and both privately and publicly urged Virgilius to recant,

* See Faure, in *Thesaurus Theol.* ubi sup.

† See Humboldt, *Cosmos*, p. 396.

‡ *Ib.* p. 617.

commanding him no longer to defile the simplicity of Christianity with such puerilities. Upon this, Virgilius appealed to the Duke of Bavaria; and, on the other hand, Boniface wrote to Pope Zacharias, who thereupon sent letters to the duke, ordering that Virgilius the philosopher should be excommunicated and degraded from the priesthood in full council, if he maintained this false doctrine. He commanded also that Virgilius should be sent to Rome to be examined, in order that, if he were found to be in error, he might be condemned by a canonical decree. Here it is evident that the truth or falsehood of the doctrine formed no part of the question, but only its effect on the minds of the common people, the simplicity of whose faith was scandalised by their confused apprehension of the consequences of the philosopher's doctrine. And one must own that any Christian, and particularly a Bishop, is more bound to respect the faith of the people than the promulgation of any physical theory, however true, or however useful for effecting material improvements. Such theories must "bide their time;" and their discoverers must patiently accept the common lot of men of real genius, to be misunderstood and condemned by their own generation. Virgilius was prohibited from propounding his views, not because they were false or wrong in themselves, but because the common people misconceived them and were scandalised. Galileo was condemned because his doctrines were new, and because he strove to reconcile them with Scripture. When Niccolini, on behalf of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in 1633, begged the Pope to excuse Galileo from appearing at Rome, his Holiness said, "God forgive him for entering upon this matter; it is a question of new doctrines and of holy Scripture: the best way of all is to go with the common opinion." It is precisely this common opinion of which the Inquisition is the guardian; and while religion and life go hand in hand, that is, while there is such a thing as a Catholic Church, she cannot be without her inquisition—her tribunal to protect and set forth the public opinion of the age on the religious truth or expediency of all new theories of morals, politics, or physical science. And the decisions of such a tribunal will be wise and prudent while religion and life are truly united. The Christian community will always instinctively feel what influence new theories are calculated to have on its faith. And when it values its religion above all things, it will of course pronounce all novelties to be true or false, edifying or scandalous, according to the bearing which they may have, whether essentially or accidentally, upon religion. It is a necessity to which scientific men must submit with a good grace; for when public

opinion is not represented by an inquisitorial tribunal, it will often exercise its own wild lynch-law on the offender, without the safeguard of legal forms. It is not to be supposed that Galileo would have so rashly forced on his cause unless he had found the mob-opposition to which he was subject much more intolerable than any adverse sentence of a tribunal could ever be. But it must not be forgotten that this office of the Church, as the vindicator of the outraged religious feelings of the public, is never to be confounded with her perfectly distinct office of teacher and infallible expounder of doctrines of faith and morals. While in this latter office she is above public opinion, in the former she is its nurse, or, we may almost say, its slave. The Pope, in this respect, is truly the "servus servorum Dei." He, with his Congregations, has to watch the throes of diseased humanity, and, like a mother with a sick child, to humour its weaknesses and caprices; to forbid it to eat that which might be allowed to healthy stomachs; to tell the invalid that the most nutritious food is poison; and to prevent the stronger children of the Church from carelessly putting such things into the way of their weak brother. So the Inquisition calls true theories of physical philosophy false, heretical, and absurd, if they do not agree with the digestive powers of the Catholic community. Not that the Church pretends to any power of deciding whether these theories are true or false in themselves, but because, in her vocabulary, that is false which is found by experience to be inconsistent with the faith of her children; that is heretical which is popularly considered favourable to the arguments of heretics; and that is absurd which, while it rests on an uncertain basis, is used as a lever to overturn the certainty of her truth. But these decrees of the Inquisition, as the organ of ecclesiastical opinion, must never be confounded with the infallible decisions of the Church in council, or of the Pope speaking *ex cathedra*; for while the latter are immutable, the former are merely variable functions of variable public opinion.

This is evident from the fact that, both before and since the condemnation of Galileo, decisions of the Inquisition have been reformed and rejected by the higher tribunals of the Church—as Carranza's condemnation, which was reversed by the Council of Trent. We have already quoted the words of Fromond of Louvain, in which he says that he thinks the Copernicans very nearly heretics, "unless the Holy See shall determine otherwise," evidently contemplating the possible reversal of the sentence. And the sentence has been reversed. Pope Benedict XIV. suspended the decrees; and in 1818 Pope Pius VII. repealed them in full consistory.

Such being the nature of these decisions, it is very easy to comprehend the principles on which they were made. Our religion commands us to pluck out even our right eye, our dearest sense, our clearest knowledge, our most engrossing study, and cast it from us, if it be an occasion of sin to us. And it commands us to be even more tender of the conscience of our brethren; it says that it were better to be thrown into the sea, with a millstone tied round our neck, than to scandalise a little one of Christ even by our lawful recreations. And no doubt, even the most certain and clear branches of knowledge abound with occasions of scandal. No one can read the history of the fall of man without seeing that the Christian religion does not encourage the pursuit of knowledge under all circumstances. And common sense assures us, that if it is right to require us to sacrifice wife and children, houses and lands, in order to save our souls, it would be a great folly to make an exception in favour of such scientific pursuits as are found by experience to be obstacles to faith.

It is important to observe what carefulness is recommended to us in imparting knowledge. In educating children, nature itself teaches us to use judgment and reserve; there are some truths too difficult for them, and others which it would be improper for them to know. It is the same in religion. Our Lord, after being three years with his apostles, had yet many things to say to them which they could not even then bear; and St. Paul tells his converts that he cannot speak to them on certain deep subjects, because they were not strong enough for meat, but could only bear milk. It has even been reduced to a law in ecclesiastical history, that heresies often arise from a desire to force the Church prematurely into a path which she is afterwards destined to tread. This is illustrated by the instance of Montanism:* “Not in one principle or doctrine only, but in its whole system this heresy was a remarkable anticipation or *présage* of developments which soon began to shew themselves in the Church, but were not perfected for centuries after. . . . The doctrinal determinations and the ecclesiastical usages of the middle ages are the true fulfilment of its self-willed and abortive attempts at precipitating the growth of the Church.” If in pure matters of religion mere prematureness and unseasonableness in the things propounded is enough to mark the proposers of them with the note of heresy, the same thing may take place in a lower degree with regard to scientific theories, which have only a remote connexion with faith and morals. In Galileo’s time it was obviously premature and unnecessary to alter the received inter-

* Newman, *Development*, p. 349.

pretation of Scripture in favour of the yet uncertain Copernican theory: yet the philosopher insisted on this being done; he determined to force the march of thought, to push the Church into a path that she was not prepared to enter upon; and he was therefore marked with the suspicion of heresy. Now, however, we may hope that the time is come when, as the Copernican theory has been demonstrated to our senses, the received interpretation of Scripture may be altered, according to the sentence of Bellarmine, in order to meet the acknowledged facts, and when the intelligent explanations of Galileo and Foscarini may be received and thankfully used by the good Catholic.

From this point of view the censures on Galileo appear no longer as isolated acts of jealousy or anger, but they are seen to be quite in accordance with the system and principles of the Church, and to be founded on profound wisdom and an anxious care for the faith of her simpler children. It is not each individual act of the Church that is to be examined and criticised; for she never claims to be guaranteed from error on all matters of fact; it is sufficient to find that she is acting on general principles of prudence, which are rendered necessary by the weakness of human nature, though perhaps they would not be required in a church composed entirely of learned men and philosophers. But as the mixed mass of the Church is composed chiefly of rude and uneducated persons, liable to be scandalised by any sudden changes in subjects in any way connected with doctrine, the learned have to give up something of their rights at the demand of charity.

At the same time, it must be granted that the application of this theory bears very hard on the philosophers. To anticipate by the force of their intellect the march of demonstration, to generalise from a few instances, and those rather assumed than observed, and to form a theory upon obscure indications and guesses, is their ambition and their glory; and to be obliged to treat a favourite theory as a mere uncertain hypothesis is a great annoyance to them. And though usually they are not thus restricted, yet if the religious prejudices of Christians are once excited, they are obliged to yield something to them. Nor is it only a religious society which makes these demands. A republic which boasts of having attained the perfection of freedom will often visit with more severity the promulgation of obnoxious theories than ever the Inquisition employed. And, after all, the Church can no more humour the world in the utter freedom which it claims for the intellect, than she can allow it all the liberty which it requires for the indulgence of its natural inclinations. The Church and the world are in

opposition not only in theories of political and social progress, but also in the march of intellectual development. Not that her way of forbidding her children to put forward new theories simply *as* theories and hypotheses is at all unfavourable to the true advancement of learning; it is only opposed to that reckless philosophical scepticism and shallowness which is the great characteristic of the present day; and therefore perhaps more proper for the steady development of knowledge than the modern way of propounding new systems.

THE OLD PRIEST'S PARLOUR.

No. II.

SCENE:—*The Rev. AUSTIN LYLE rising from his seat makes a low and somewhat stately bow to a short, stout, bustling personage, just introduced to him by his friend EDWARD YORK as Mr. HORATIO WITHERSPOON. He then hands him a chair, and the three sit down. WITHERSPOON hems twice, and then begins to speak:*

WITHERSPOON. I have requested my friend Mr. York, as I trust he will allow me to call him, to do me the honour to introduce me to you, Mr. Lyle, as I wish to have some conversation with you on a subject in which I am profoundly interested. (*The old priest bows.*) I am a Protestant, Mr. Lyle, a liberal Protestant—(*the old priest smiles*)—a truly liberal Protestant, I trust—(*the old priest bows again*)—as I am sure you will do me the justice to admit, when you have heard my plan. (*The priest bows a third time.*) I have been greatly distressed, Mr. Lyle,—deeply distressed, I may say,—at witnessing the lamentable displays of bigotry and uncharitableness recently manifested against your persuasion. (*The old priest's lips twitch, with a manifest tendency to smile again.*) Believe me, I share none of these feelings; I have the highest respect for the Pope; I have no doubt that he is a most amiable and respectable gentleman—(*the old priest with difficulty keeps his countenance*)—injudicious, you know, Mr. Lyle,—perhaps a thought injudicious,—as no doubt you yourself consider; but yet amiable, and in the highest degree well-intentioned: and, as I said to Mrs. Witherspoon the other day, “My dear, depend upon it, if the Pope had had the slightest idea of the

displeasure he would have roused in the great English nation by establishing a hierarchy, he would not have thought for a moment of setting it up." (*The old priest pokes the fire, and fidgets about in a torture of suppressed laughter.*) By the way, Mr. Lyle, is not this contempt of the law shewn by Dr. Cullen and the Defence Association rather an injudicious move on the part of your friends? And is it really true that Dr. Cullen believes the sun is only six yards across?

LYLE. It's all humbug, sir. Why, if the newspapers were to say that Dr. Cullen believed the moon was made of green cheese, and taught the benighted Irish that Queen Victoria had cloven hoofs and horns on her head, your Protestant public would take it for gospel truth.

WITHERSPOON. I'm delighted to hear it, Mr. Lyle, indeed I am; and I have no doubt you will agree with me in thinking that it is high time for the friends of enlightened Christianity to take some steps for the inculcation of mutual forbearance and universal charity among all denominations of Christians. I have heard a great deal of you, Mr. Lyle, a great deal, I assure you; and you would have been delighted if you had heard how flatteringly your name was mentioned the other day at a meeting of the Town-council by the Unitarian minister. (*The old priest looks blue.*) The Quakers also are your warm admirers; and, in short, all enlightened Christians are of opinion that the fullest toleration should be conceded to your persuasion, and they have the sincerest respect for yourself as a minister of the gospel of peace.

LYLE. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to them.

YORK. Well, Mr. Lyle, my plan is this: Let us form a sort of universal league or brotherhood for the promotion of Christian charity among all denominations of Christians, pledging all the members of the association to abstain from controversy on the mere peculiarities of religious opinion, and to agree in circulating a series of books and tracts inculcating the principles of the league. (*The old priest is seized with a violent fit of coughing, into which he relapses again and again. When he is at length calm, Mr. Witherspoon continues:*)

WITHERSPOON. A happy idea, I am sure you think it, Mr. Lyle.

LYLE. Do you not foresee any difficulties in executing your scheme, sir? However, I will not anticipate. Pray go on and tell me how you will proceed with your regulations and laws.

WITHERSPOON. Why, Mr. Lyle, I would begin at the beginning. I would go to the root of the matter. I would tolerate no half-measures. I would have all the members begin by

denouncing the principle of religious persecution. Of course, Mr. Lyle, you think it not merely cruel, but actually immoral to persecute Catholics?

LYLE. Undoubtedly.

WITHERSPOON. And of course, also, you think it immoral to persecute Protestants?

LYLE. Undoubtedly not.

WITHERSPOON (*starting from his chair in amazement*). Good heavens! Mr. Lyle, what do you mean? Wrong to persecute Catholics, and right to persecute Protestants!

LYLE. I did not say it is right to persecute Protestants, but only that it is not wrong.

WITHERSPOON. But what is the difference, Mr. Lyle?

LYLE. I mean that it is always wrong to persecute Catholics, and not always wrong, that is, that it is sometimes right, to persecute Protestants.

WITHERSPOON. Mr. Lyle, you astound me! You, a liberal Catholic!

LYLE. Sir, I am not a liberal Catholic.

WITHERSPOON. But you always vote for the liberal candidates at elections.

LYLE. Certainly; because they promise not to persecute the Catholic Church, and their opponents make no such promise.

WITHERSPOON. But, gracious goodness! Mr. Lyle, why should we be persecuted and not you?

LYLE. Because we belong to the true Church, and you do not.

WITHERSPOON. And do you really mean to say that all your fellow-Catholics think like this? A pretty piece of viper-nourishing have we liberal Protestants been led into, if you Catholics are only waiting for the power to burn us heretics in Smithfield again!

LYLE. I have nothing to do with what other Catholics may chance to say to you in the matter, Mr. Witherspoon; but if they tell me or you, that they would not persecute you under *any* circumstances, I don't believe a word they say, any more than I believe you Protestants when you profess what you call the principles of toleration. *All* men who are in earnest would persecute the opponents of their particular creed *if they thought it desirable to do so*. I don't blame them for it; I only blame them for holding a false creed instead of the true one. When a man's conscience is perverted, still, he must act on it. His sin lies in his suffering his conscience to become perverted.

As to what you ask me about some of my fellow-Catholics,

I can only tell you that they will be puzzled to find any respectable authority for the opinion that it is *wrong* to punish a man for his religious opinions; and if you want a specimen of the Catholic authorities who uphold the putting heretics to death when just and expedient, (however rarely it may *be* just and expedient,) be so good as to hand me over that great volume you have your elbow on;—I dare say you had no idea what a mine of gunpowder lay under you;—thank you. This is the work of one of the greatest intellects and greatest theologians who ever lived—the *Summa Theologiæ* of St. Thomas Aquinas. Ah! you've heard of him no doubt, and count him an old woman, or a "schoolman," which is much the same. Well, old woman or no, *we* think him a great man, a very great man indeed. Hear, then, what he thinks about *you*. "Heretics," he says, "by their sin deserve not only to be separated from the Church by excommunication, but to be expelled from the world by death. For it is a much worse thing to corrupt the faith, by which life is given to the soul," (observe here, that there is nothing about the temporal evils of heresy; it is heresy as destroying *the soul* which he speaks of,) "than to falsify money, which is an assistance to the temporal life. Wherefore, if falsifiers of money, or other criminals, are at once justly put to death by secular princes, much more may heretics, as soon as they are convicted of heresy, not only be excommunicated, but also justly be put to death."*

WITHERSPOON (*starting from his seat and walking fiercely up to the old priest, who sits composed*). And you dare to subscribe, sir, to this damnable doctrine?

LYLE. I do.

WITHERSPOON. And you would actually burn me, and Mrs. Witherspoon, and my darling little ones alive, sir; alive?

LYLE. I would not.

WITHERSPOON. Then you would hang us, or shoot us, or kill us in some way or other?

LYLE. I would not.

WITHERSPOON. But you would put us in gaol, or flog us, or send us to the treadmill?

LYLE. I would not.

WITHERSPOON. Nor fine me heavily?

LYLE. No.

WITHERSPOON. Then what *would* you do to us?

LYLE. Nothing.

WITHERSPOON. Nothing! Sir, are you laughing at me? are you insulting me?

LYLE. Far from it, my dear sir: I would grant you and

* *Summa Theologiæ, Secunda Secundæ, xi. 3.*

every other heretic in the country, and in most other countries too, — indeed, I think in nearly all countries, — the most unbounded toleration.

WITHERSPOON. Then what do you mean by saying you think it right to kill me?

LYLE. I never said it was right to kill *you*. There are circumstances in which it would be lawful and expedient to kill you, or any other unbeliever; but those circumstances are of the rarest possible occurrence. There is an immense deal to be said in exculpation of you and others brought up in heresy, even as a matter of justice; and when it comes to the question of mercy and policy, then, in my view, the cases in which the persecution of heretics is to be practised are rare indeed. I do honestly believe that *in practice* I should prove to be one of the most vehement advocates for toleration in existence. If there is to be any persecution, in the name of God let *us* be persecuted. If I were in power, I would treat you heretics with unbounded lenity; and if you had any sense, you would treat us Catholics with the same; for be assured your very worst policy is to bully us. Cardinal Wiseman and the Catholic Church have now attained a position and a power in this country which we could not have gained for ourselves, perhaps, in twenty years; and here you blundering Protestants have conferred it on us in less than as many weeks. Believe me, my dear sir, you will never stop these conversions by bullying; it can't be done.

WITHERSPOON. Well, sir, you will excuse my saying it, but I am grievously disappointed in you.

LYLE. A year hence, my dear sir, you will respect me more than ever.

WITHERSPOON. Impossible! I wish you a very good morning. (*He leaves the room abruptly.*)

YORK (*with a countenance of excessive solemnity*). You will pardon me, Father Lyle, if I ask you whether you think it quite prudent to say all these things to our Protestant brethren.

LYLE. Protestant fiddlesticks, my dear Edward! Depend upon it, we shall get on a mighty deal better with these precious "brethren" of yours, when we drop cant and humbug, and don't tell lies about ourselves.

YORK. Lies, Father Lyle?

LYLE. Well, whatever you like to call them. I don't mean intentional falsehoods, of course; I mean that cowardly disowning of the practices of foreign Catholics and of English Catholics of former days, which we sometimes practise for the sake of throwing dust in the eyes of your Protestant "bre-

thren." You can't get over the fact that Catholics sometimes *still* persecute, though moderately; and depend upon it, it is waste of time and labour, and breath and temper, to try to convince Protestants that *you yourself* are not a persecutor. They don't believe you. They only think you're a sneaking coward, or a hypocrite, or a simpleton who doesn't know his own mind. They persecute *you*, whenever they think it expedient; and they never will give you credit for abstaining from what they know they do themselves. Common sense tells them, as well as us, that it is perfectly right and proper to use *all* the influence and power which God puts in our hands to prevent the spread of moral as well as social evil. And as for tricking out the Catholic Church in the plumes of heretical sects, as I said before, it's utterly useless. All mankind are intolerant, but the Church alone has the right to be intolerant. But in practice, in the 19th century, as I also said, I am for nearly universal toleration. I am against persecution now; and why? because *c'est plus qu'un crime, c'est une faute*.

YORK. Well, sir, I think you'll astonish your friends in America, if you go there and preach these doctrines, with all your love for the model republic, as you call it.

LYLE. I call it a model republic, Edward? Never! I call its present laws in respect to "Church and State," as things are, a model in comparison with our uncomfortable position here at home; but as to its being a model republic, that's quite another question.

YORK. Then, after all, you are *not* a republican, Father Lyle?

LYLE. Yes, I am; that is, I should be in America, and wherever else a republic would be practicable. I love republicanism with all my heart. But as for turning all the nations on earth into republics, I will believe it possible when you succeed in washing a blackamore white. Real, genuine, true republicanism,—ay, and what you call constitutionalism too,—I look upon as mere moonshine in hot countries.

YORK. In hot countries! Well, Father Lyle, that *is* a theory. Why, in the world, should the British Constitution be impossible where the weather is not cold or temperate? I certainly never heard of a thermometrical theory of government in my life before.

LYLE. Then, my dear fellow, you hear of it now; and I pray you to ask yourself whether that peculiar national activity, and devotion to business, and regularity of action, without which what they call a constitutional government (by which I mean a representative one) is a ridiculous farce,—is possible

except in a temperate climate. Just compare the daily habits and the ineradicable feelings and tastes of the extreme south of Europe, of almost all Asia, of Africa, and of a great deal of America, with the demands of the representative system, even as partially developed in the parliamentary and municipal system of Great Britain. Only conceive the House-of-Commons work going on under the sun of Calabria or Sicily. Don't you see that the inhabitant of the south is positively in many respects a different being from the Englishman, the Frenchman, and the German? Just put away all popular phrases out of your brain, and look at the Southern and Oriental character as it is. Does it not universally present a union of languor and excitability, totally incompatible with that everlasting bustling, busy, energetic mode of thought and action which is necessary to make a representative government an honest reality. Look at the South-American republics. What are they but dictatorships? Oriental despotisms, with a few of the phrases and forms of European constitutionalism.

After all, there's an intimate connexion between fog and franchise. Who'd pester himself with politics under the glorious sun of the South, with a teeming soil, and weeks in succession without a cloud to hide the sky? You can't have a steady application to politics with the thermometer at 90° in the shade. People want to be governed, when it's terribly hot for months and months together. Of course they want to be governed well; but if that can't be, they won't take the trouble to govern themselves, except by violent fits and starts. Revolutions, if you please, are easy enough under a broiling sun; but a House-of-Commons Committee is as incompatible as ice itself with a melting atmosphere. Representative governments go with the green grass; where the heat is so intense that the turf is periodically burnt up for more than half the year, there men won't take the trouble to govern themselves, and they must be governed with a strong, though paternal arm.

All this is very sad, no doubt, in many people's eyes. In my own, I confess, it is not gratifying, for I own to an intense dislike of despotism of every species. But one can't get over facts, you know: if the weather will make people idle in habits and vehement in passion, I see no help for it but to take them as they are, and reconcile ourselves to the fact that republicanism and the ten-pound franchise are no part of the Christian revelation, and that it is possible for a man to be good and happy who never even heard of a representative government, and the blessedness of Whiggism and Radicalism.

YORK. This is all very well, Mr. Lyle; but I don't see how what you say is to be reconciled with what I sometimes hear

from other Catholics about "liberty" and its vast advantages
What is the liberty they mean?

LYLE. Really, Edward, I can't explain other people's words. I very often don't know what they mean by liberty, and I suspect very often they don't know themselves. In my younger days, I used to be taught by a shrewd old fellow who had the drilling of me, that when a man began to talk about "principles" or about "development," you might be sure he was going to humbug you. Now, of course there are such things as "principles," and such a process as "development;" but nevertheless there was a mighty deal of truth in what my old friend said. And so I say about "liberty:" there is such a thing as "liberty," and "rational liberty" too, and a very good thing it is in its way; but save me from the task of affixing a meaning to nine-tenths of the trash that is talked about liberty in general, both civil and religious. I am a lover of rational liberty;—what Catholic is not?—but if by liberty you mean representative government, then I say, if you uphold what you call the *principles* of liberty, you are talking either nonsense or falsehood. As for me, I am for a republic in America, an autocracy in the South, a monarchy (such as it is) in Great Britain, and as for Ireland, why the less that's said the better, or we shall be muttering treason against some majesty or other—the majesty of the electors of England, or of the House of Commons, or of Queen Victoria, or of the Irish landlords, or of Established Protestantism, or some other potentate now holding the reins of power.

YORK. But surely, sir, it is desirable to conciliate our fellow-countrymen; is it not?

LYLE. Undoubtedly, *when you can*. But you will never do this by being ashamed of your own principles, or by adopting the phraseology of the age. Remember that our Protestant fellow-countrymen are *the world*; and being so, they must dislike, suspect, or hate us till the end of all things. When they are really conciliated, it is an accident not to be calculated on. And now come and take a walk.

THE FUGITIVE. AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.*

[THE following tale, with the exception of a few unessential particulars, is a relation of circumstances which actually occurred ; and the subject of the narrative, Simon Platzer, is still, or at least was very lately, an active parish priest in his native valleys. The time when the narrative commences was one of great trial and sorrow to the religious and loyal people of the Tyrol. The treaty of Presburg, in 1805, had torn them from the house of Austria, to which for nearly five hundred years they had been devotedly attached, and assigned their country to the king of Bavaria, who soon began to introduce changes both in their government and religion most galling to the free-hearted Tyrolese. Regulations were made with regard to the exercise of the Bishops' functions and the offices of the Church, which caused one faithful pastor after another to submit to exile rather than sacrifice any of his sacred obligations, leaving his beloved flock to the ministrations of a schismatical clergy whom the government appointed to supply the place of the recusants. Meanwhile the noble-hearted people unanimously refused obedience to the royal curates, and fled from the churches rather than receive the sacraments from any but their lawfully-appointed pastors. In 1809, the breaking out of the war between France and Austria lighted into flame the spark that had long smouldered among their mountains. Hofer, also a native of the Passeyer Valley, placed himself at the head of his countrymen ; and by their heroic courage and fidelity to each other and their cause, they had almost succeeded in shaking off the yoke of the enemy of their religion and their liberty, when Napoleon sent his forces to the aid of the Bavarian king, and forced them to lay down their arms and suffer in patience, until the change of European affairs in 1814 again reunited them to the dominions of the crown of Austria.

The little church of Riffian is still a favourite resort of the pious Tyrolese, who frequently make a pilgrimage to its image of our Lady of Dolours, which has long been much revered in the neighbourhood. The narrative is translated from the German.]

It was a beautiful afternoon in the September of 1808, when three Bavarian officers rode into the little village of Riffian, which lies at the entrance of the Passeyer Valley. A boy guided them to the Viddum (the residence of the parochial

* Taken from the verbal account of the priest Simon Platzer.

clergy); and while they were engaged in securing their horses to the iron bars that guarded the lower windows, the Curate hastened out of the garden to meet his visitors. "This is indeed an honour, Major." "You see, Herr Curate, I am a man of my word." They shook hands, and retired into the garden under the shade of the vines, where refreshments quickly followed.

"If you had not mentioned to me the other day that you were unpleasantly circumstanced, Herr Curate," remarked the officer, "I should have considered your present situation a most enviable one." "Do not let us touch on that subject now, Major; I should be unwilling to disturb your moments of repose by the relation of my grievances." "Not at all, my friend; I owe you something in return for the many hours of pleasure your society has afforded me at Br——, particularly your skillful billiard-playing. I am here to-day on purpose to rid your paradise of its serpent. You are, indeed, surrounded by a cross-grained population in this lovely spot: no one could be persuaded to shew us your house, and we had to force a boy to come with us." "I suppose," said the Curate, "that they were afraid you were come to carry off the Co-operator." "What has this young priest been doing, then, in your parish?" "Oh, Major, I almost blush to tell you." "I must know, though." "Why, when I arrived here with my invalid sister, and myself rather indisposed, he greets me with a notification from Coire, that a royal institution to a cure of souls was invalid; that through the generosity of the absent rightful curate I might be permitted, for the time, to enjoy the revenues of the cure, but on condition that I would abstain from all exercise of my office so long as I had received no faculties from the Bishop of Coire." "And what answer did you make the beardless youngster?" "What could I say? I cast up my eyes to heaven, seeking there help, and left him without any definite reply." "Thunder and lightning! why did you bear it so tamely?" "Because, to say the truth, I could not do without him. On my arrival here, I found both parlour and kitchen empty; and I had no one to wait upon me." "And on that account you suffered his insolence so quietly?" "According to him, I was quite in his power; for no one, even at *his* request, would lend a chair or a kettle to the heretical priest, till at last the schoolmaster let me have, out of my predecessor's furniture, what was most necessary. And it was only by threatening to deprive them of the sacraments that the Co-operator succeeded in persuading two women to enter my house." "Well, the fellow seems to have some good left in him." "Nothing is more painful than to be reduced to receive

benefits from an enemy." "What, then, were the chairs and kettles only to be considered as marks of his ill-will?" "I can scarcely think otherwise. But to continue. I placed myself in the confessional: no one came to me. I ascended the pulpit: every one left the church. They even avoided my daily Mass, as if by being present at it, they would be involved in all sorts of ecclesiastical censures; until my precious subordinate condescended to assure them that I was permitted to say Mass like any other strange priest. The sick, however, still close their doors against me, or leave their very beds to avoid me. No one bows on meeting me in the village; and if I salute them, they turn away in disgust." "Such conduct is unheard of. Have the goodness to send for the scoundrel to me."

The Curate rang a little bell, and sent for the Herr Co-operator. "This intriguer," continued he, "also managed to rouse the whole parish of Méran in this way against its curate, and succeeded in driving him from an honourable post into a hermitage." In a few minutes appeared the assistant priest, in his cassock. He was a man of low stature, and strongly built; he did not seem more than thirty years old; his countenance flushed at the sight of the officer, and the fire of his eyes became tempered with a look of trouble and disquietude. The Curate addressed him, "The Major desires your company." "I feel much flattered," was the reply. "Young man," sternly began the Major, "expect no flattery from a soldier; far from it; I am about to speak very openly to you. How dare you set on foot such cabals as I have just heard of against my friend here, who is a man of honour? By what right do you refuse to acknowledge the royal appointment that he holds? What reason do you give for not subjecting yourself to his authority? It is you who have stirred up discontent in the community; and not satisfied with doing as much mischief as possible in your own parish, you incite the inhabitants of other places against *their* superiors also. You have broken the law, and I feel very much inclined to take you into custody immediately."

Simon Platzer, for this was the name of the Co-operator, started at these words and bit his lip; his brow contracted as he replied, "Herr Major, in the first place you are no superior of mine, and have therefore no right to adopt this tone towards me; in the second place I will observe, that you only obey your general, and I my Bishop. I shall not again subject myself to be called a seducer of the community, a fosterer of cabals, and a breaker of the laws: your most humble servant." He bowed indignantly and withdrew; the two gazed after him completely silenced, then looked at each other with astonishment. "Very well," muttered the Major between his set teeth;

then silently shook the Curate's hand, hastened to his horse, mounted it, and galloped out of Riffian.

From this evening forwards, the government Curate was unusually conversational and friendly; Platzer, by degrees, began to entertain the idea, that the firmness of his manner had intimidated the Major, as it had before done his friend.

But just eight days after this occurrence, the Co-operator received a summons to appear without delay before the court at Méran. The Mayor knew him intimately, and was well inclined towards him. He caused to be read to him a decree from the General Commissariat at Inspruck, to the following effect: "Whereas the assistant priest, Simon Platzer, refuses obedience to his superior, the Curate S.; whereas he throws every hindrance in the way of the said curate's discharge of his official duties, and also excites the inhabitants of the parish against him, thereby disturbing the public peace: therefore the priest, Simon Platzer, is required to leave Riffian within twenty-four hours, and is also commanded to appear before the Special Commissariat at Trent within three days from this time." Platzer defended himself with energy; and the Mayor, satisfied with his defence, desired him to return to Riffian without apprehension; he retained, meanwhile, the decree in his own hands, hoping to appease the General Commissariat by his representations.

Platzer returned home agitated by feelings both of joy and anger, and could not entirely conceal his satisfaction even from the author of his troubles; but when retired to the solitude of his chamber, he purified his heart by prayer from all unworthy impulses, and sank peacefully to rest.

He was wakened by the house-bell. Thinking it was a sick-call, he hastened to the window, and inquired who was below. "It is Lorenz," answered a deep well-known voice. "The Gerichtsdienner* at this hour! What can he want?" Muttering these words, Platzer struck a light with some perturbation, threw on his cassock, thrust his feet into his slippers, and hastened down to the house-door. "Lorenz, what can you want at this time of night?" "The Mayor has just received these orders; they came at ten o'clock." So saying, Lorenz handed him a decree, and then added in a lower voice, "This letter is from his Reverence Herr D." As he spoke, he put another paper mysteriously into the priest's hand, raised his shaggy eyebrows and compressed his lips, at the same time nodding significantly; as soon, however, as he felt some pieces of money glide into his palm, his face lighted up, and his copper-coloured

* The court apparitor or messenger.

nose assumed a deeper tinge. "Many thanks; I wish you good night;" he bowed, and the door closed after him.

In the greatest agitation, the Co-operator hastened back to his chamber, and there opened the decree. With astonishment, he perceived that it was the same which the Mayor had read to him the day before. "Did he not promise me to get the sentence reversed?" said he to himself. He next tore open the letter; it was as follows:

"My friend,—I grieve to tell you that all the efforts of the Mayor have been in vain; this very evening he has been severely censured by the Major for not having caused the royal orders from Inspruck to be carried into effect. This is the reason of your again receiving the decree, and at this hour. They will not give you time to escape; to-morrow morning early a troop will be at Riffian for the purpose of arresting you; the soldiers threaten loudly to make an example of you; fly as quickly as possible. The Curate Planger is also betrayed; warn him of his danger. Our messenger, your cousin, whom they likewise wish to seize, is at present concealed in my house. God be with you! "NOTUSAMANU."

Platzer let the note fall on the table, and paced the room with hasty steps. "Now all is over; there is no help for it. What shall I do? Yes, that must be the plan!" He destroyed some of his papers, arranged the rest, as also his books; donned hastily his best attire, concealed about his person what little money he had, and took leave of his beloved chamber. As noiselessly as possible he left the house, and betook himself to the church. The moon was shining on the churchyard, and the crosses at the head of the graves glistened like silver. The priest knelt on the stone before the church-door; through a small crevice he could see the ever-burning lamp, and the altar in its flickering light. He recommended himself and his afflicted flock to Jesus present in the blessed Sacrament, and to the Mother of Sorrows: confidence and comfort returned again to his soul.

The first dawn of day appeared over the eastern mountains as the fugitive quitted the much-loved village. He struck into the rough mountain-path, which led among the vineyards to the neighbouring village of Ruens; there, in the Viddum, lay concealed the Curate Planger, who had been banished from Riffian and the district of Méran. Platzer had often visited him secretly, to convey to him intelligence and receive directions from him. He met him coming from the church, where he was accustomed to offer up the Holy Sacrifice before day-break. He handed over to him both the decree and the letter, and then hastened into the house of God, to take advantage

of the opportunity to say his Mass. Upon his return, he found the Curate all ready prepared for his journey. They went together, over vine-covered hills and corn-fields, as far as the neighbouring village of Tyrol, where their sudden appearance and the tidings they brought not a little surprised their trusty friends at the Viddum. While they were partaking of breakfast, the housekeeper brought in the news that had just arrived, that a large party of soldiers, accompanied by two constables, had gone to Riffian. Both the fugitives hastened their departure. The one intended bending his course towards the north, the other towards the south; for Planger intended to seek a hiding-place in Graun, while Platzer was determined to go by a circuitous route to Trent, and present himself there. As he had been particularly recommended to the Special Commissary, Count von Spaur, he hoped to find in him the desired protection against the violence of the military. The parting of the friends was most touching, for the separation of the fatherly Curate from his beloved Co-operator was painful for both. The former then turned his steps towards the heights, which lead behind the Castle of Tyrol towards the Vintschgau.

Platzer, with whom our story remains, took the lower path among the vineyards,—sometimes getting along without difficulty under cover of the trellis-work, sometimes making his way through tendrils and underwood, springing over walls and hedges,—and thus reached the low meadows of Algund. Carefully choosing the direction where he would be most concealed by vines and trees, he soon found himself near the high road, where the walls of a vineyard formed a right angle beneath the still rich foliage of a beautiful chestnut-tree. Before availing himself of the thick branches to climb the wall that separated him from the road, he looked anxiously in both directions; then suddenly the idea occurred to him to wait where he was a little time, and see if any acquaintance should pass along the road, whom he might trust to convey tidings of his situation, and of his journey to Trent, to his relations in Morter and Martell. He sat down, therefore, on the grass, and took out his Breviary, keeping watch at the same time.

Soon, to his joyful surprise, he perceived coming up the road one whom he recognised as a cousin of his living at Morter; he passed close by the wall near the priest, but did not see him. “Whither so fast, cousin Franz?” The man turned hastily round, startled at being thus suddenly addressed; but when he saw who it was, his astonishment, if possible, was increased. “Herr Simon! Herr Simon! is it you?” and he came nearer. “Truly it is,” answered Platzer in a lower tone. “Be cautious; I am making my escape from the

Bavarian soldiers. The hand of Providence has brought you here; I was just looking out for some one who would take a message to my family." "Oh, cousin, this is certainly no mere chance; it is almost a miracle. Would you believe it, I was just going to Riffian with a message for you." "Has any thing happened, then? Is my sister-in-law ill?" "She is not very well; but your mother"—"How? what! my mother? Is she ill? Is she dead? Speak; conceal nothing! I am prepared for the worst." "She lives; her illness is not even dangerous. But listen: a month ago, the news came from Schlanders to Morter that you had sold yourself to the Bavarians, and had turned Lutheran. No one believed it, but your family were much pained by the calumny, particularly your mother. Soon afterwards there was another report, that you had made a noble resistance all along, that you had been carried in chains to Trent, and there shot." "Chatterers are like swallows," muttered Platzer; "they snatch at empty air." The other proceeded, "This second report was believed by every one; many revered you already as a martyr. But it has had a dreadful effect on your old mother; she has had delirious fancies ever since; she thinks she hears and sees all sorts of things, and continues to be like this day after day."

The priest wrung his hands, and looked up to heaven; then sinking down, leaned his head against the wall, and groaned and wept bitterly. His cousin laid his hand gently on his shoulder, and entreated him to be cautious. It was in vain. He clasped his hands together, sobbing wildly, and cried in a half-stifled voice, "Neither deaf nor blind, neither sick nor dead, but insane!—insane, and through me!" "Be still, be still, for heaven's sake! there is some one coming—it is a coach." The poor man saw it, though half-blinded by his tears, and threw himself down behind the wall on the grass, and covered his face with his hands. By degrees the violence of his sobs decreased, he became calmer, and at length quite still; in a little while he dried his tears and rose. His cousin was sitting on a milestone on the other side of the road, apparently buried in thought. Platzer made a sign to him to come near, and said, "My friend, hasten as quickly as possible back to my mother, and take advantage of a lucid interval to make her understand that you have seen me here, and have spoken with me. Say nothing of the journey I have resolved on: I shall cross the Adige here, and follow the right bank to Trent. In a few days, with God's help, I will return, and hasten to my mother." "Herr Simon, mere words are useless. We have assured her again and again that you are alive and well, and at liberty. The only thing that can drive away

her imaginations is your bodily presence. So says the doctor; so says the Herr Curate. And now I am to turn back and astonish your family by telling them that I met you here, near Algund, but that you chose to go on to Trent, from whence most likely you will never return. Now you are free, what can be more important to you than saving your mother?"

Platzer leaned his arms on the wall, and rested his head upon them: he was a prey to conflicting feelings. Never before had reason and affection been in such violent opposition in his breast. The one said, "Do not put yourself in the wrong by disobeying the summons. First set right your affairs at Trent, and then go to your mother; the short delay cannot do her any real mischief." But the heart cried loudly, "Forget every thing, venture every thing! Care first for your dearest earthly possession—your mother!" And the heart prevailed. "Cousin Franz, I will go back with you," said the priest, and sprang over the wall.

They immediately took the road homewards, keeping the open path without fear or precaution. Filial love urged on the son. He now broke to his cousin the fact, that his son also, the student, was a fugitive. The father turned pale; and while he hesitated whether he should not return to Méran, the other hastened onwards, at a pace that was more running than walking. The day was sultry, but it was not that that fevered his blood. He only stayed his rapid course here and there to quench his thirst by a spring. Meantime the sun had sunk lower in the heavens, and cooler breezes already began to play around him as he turned his steps over the fields behind Latsch towards his native valley. The lonely watch-tower that guarded the entrance seemed to look down on him more gloomily than ever: as it stood there grey with age, he could have fancied it the gravestone of his earthly happiness. He had already reached the meadows of the village, when the well-known Angelus-bell came upon his ear through the stillness of the evening, with the fainter summons following close upon it, like a low prayer from the world of spirits. The goats, with their tinkling bells, sprang bleating from the wooded heights to where their youthful keepers awaited them below. Mothers and maidens came to the doors of the houses and stables with their bright milkpails. Every thing around was familiar to our wanderer; but how changed seemed he himself!—and how sad his fate! He drew his hat over his brows; and the cloak, that he would so gladly have dispensed with during his toilsome journey, he now folded closely round him to avoid recognition.

He went straight to his brother's house. In the kitchen

he met his sister Marie. She dropped her long wooden spoon, gazed at him for a moment, then springing to him with a cry of joy, covered his hand with kisses. Her brother, she said, had gone to Schlanders to fetch the doctor; his wife was certainly no longer in danger, but suffering—the infant was in heaven. That the surprise might not be too much for her sister-in-law, Marie went to announce to her the arrival of Platzer, and in a few moments opened gently the bed-room door. The sick woman raised herself as he entered, and with trembling lips kissed the hand of her beloved relative: a faint tinge of red passed over her mild pale face. The priest spoke a few words of comfort, but was easily excused from remaining long, when it was understood that he was on his way to his mother, and would be obliged to leave the valley the next morning. He found it harder to withstand the entreaties of his affectionate sister that he would at least stay with her till he had taken some refreshment; but leaving his heavy cloak on the bench, he took a hurried leave. Marie accompanied him a little way: in saying farewell he took the opportunity of whispering in her ear, “Keep my visit here a secret; I am flying from the Bavarians.” At these words she started and turned pale; but by the time she had recovered herself her brother was already some distance off.

Behind the village of Morter opens the narrow entrance of the valley of Martell. There the Plima rolls its dashing waves between high rocks, and the rough stony path is always darkened by mountain shadows, and the overhanging branches of the larch, the fir, the alder, and the beech. But now, too, the night had closed in, and, after a most brilliant day, thick clouds had gathered, and now hung darkly round, like the sad thoughts that thronged the mind of our lonely traveller. Sometimes he thought of his sick mother, sometimes of the unhappy village of Riffian, now of Méran, now of Trent; and the past and the future blended themselves together, till a dangerous stumble would awake him from his reverie. His excited imagination converted every tree and shadow into human figures, made him fancy he heard cries and saw the glitter of arms at every turn, and caused his wonted courage to give place to fear and apprehension. “But listen—that surely is no fancy! There is some one running: I see the figure. It is a woman! How she pants! Ha!—Marie—you? In the name of God what has happened? Are the soldiers there?” Marie was breathless, but she shook her head, and at last brought out with difficulty the words, “Thank heaven—that I have caught you—at last: how fast you walked!” “Come, let us sit down on this stone. What have you got there in

that white cloth?" She untied it, and produced a flask of wine and some rolls of bread with fresh butter. "Good soul! it is true I have eaten nothing since breakfast." "Ah! I guessed so when I heard of your flight." "You foolish little thing, did you think, then, that I should die of hunger in these two hours?" "I pictured to myself your fainting, and lying in the road or amongst the bushes, or perhaps falling into the water." "And this fancy made you run after me for more than two miles, along this dangerous road, in the dark? Sister, you are too kind; but God will reward you." "Besides, I wanted to see you again. Oh, it is perhaps for the last time!"

At these words she flung herself on her brother's neck, and sobbing hid her face on his breast, clasping him convulsively in her arms. His heart melted at the ardour of her sisterly affection, and *his* tears also began to flow. They sat in silence for a time. At their feet dashed the foaming stream; above their heads waved the whispering branches of a giant elm. The moon came forth from amongst the clouds, as if to gaze upon and greet them, while her softest rays, like flowers from heaven, fell at their feet. The priest calmed his sister as well as he could; he raised her from her seat; they both looked upwards, and she repeated after him the words, "Father, thy will be done." But now the moon was again hidden by clouds; darkness veiled the sky. He gave her his parting blessing, and hastened away. Still her voice seemed to ring in his ears, till it was lost amidst the dash of the water and the roar of the wind; though even then his heart continued to echo the words, "Farewell, farewell."

But soon the image of the sister was chased away by that of the mother. His heart beat violently as he drew nearer to his home and to her. "In what state shall I find her? How will she receive me? What effect will my arrival, what my hasty departure, have upon her?" and each of these questions was answered by a thousand changing fancies. Ten o'clock tolled from the church-steeple. Thunder rolled from the black clouds in the distance. The traveller's hands trembled as he opened a gate leading from the road; and he almost tottered as he passed along the footpath which led to the newly-built house of his younger brother. A faint light glimmered from the window, now leaping high with a flickering flame, now seemingly almost extinguished. With the help of the stem of a tree he raised himself to the window, and looked in. What a sight met his eyes! His brother sat by the fireside, sadly leaning his head on his hands. His mother, pale and emaciated, stood at the table; her white hair hung dishevelled on each side her face. She stood motionless, and looked vacantly before

her; suddenly a shudder came over her frame; she spoke, making wild gestures. Her daughter drew her back on the bench, and held before her a plate, in vain trying to induce her to eat. The priest could bear it no longer; staggering from his support, he seated himself on the door-stone, and wept long and bitterly.

At length he summoned courage to rise and knock at the door. After some movement within, it was opened. "God greet you, brother Blasius." "Holy Joseph! our brother; it is our brother!" Darting back, he repeated these last words at the door of the inner room, which brought his sister out also. They wept with joy, and drew the priest into the room, exclaiming, "Mother, here is Simon; the Herr Simon." She stood up and gazed at him with her sunken eyes. He seized her hand and kissed it, saying cheerfully, "God greet you, dear mother; how are you?" After a pause, as if she was recollecting herself, she said slowly and gravely, "Herr Simon, is it you? I thought they had shot you?" Her son replied, laughing, "Oh, they have not hurt a hair of my head. Look at me, how fresh and healthy I am. Are not my cheeks red?" But the lucid interval was already over. Her face became troubled, and more and more clouded. "There he is! Simon! Simon! Let him go! He is my son; he has done no harm. He was always a good child." Sinking on her knees, she stretched out her joined hands: "Oh, for the mercy of God, spare my child! I am his mother! I beseech you! I beseech you!" Then slowly rising, she fastened her piercing eyes on vacancy: "Will you not? Wolves! tigers! devils! What! murder a priest? an anointed of the Lord? Let him go, or I will tear you to pieces." Her two sons and her daughter were obliged to hold her fast during this fearful paroxysm. She gnashed her teeth; her flaming eyes seemed ready to spring from their sockets; every muscle was convulsed, every joint was strained to its utmost. The three could hardly hold her. "Fire at me! at my heart! at me! It is in vain. They fire! He is dead!"

As she gasped out the last word, her limbs gave way, and slipping from those who held her, she sank like a corpse upon the floor. Her children stood around her weeping, not knowing if their mother still lived or not. "She has never had so frightful an attack before," said the daughter at last. "What a sad welcome for you, dear brother!" said Blasius. "Be it as God wills it," answered the priest. They now began to rub her arms and temples with vinegar, and endeavoured to revive her by aromatics. At length they perceived a returning warmth; the pulse began again to beat; the lips and eyelids

moved; the eyes opened. She was lifted into an easy-chair, where she soon came to herself, though still extremely exhausted. Her head hung down; the expression of her eye was troubled. The priest did not again venture to address her; they carried her to her bed-room, and she did not again recognise him, though he busied himself about her with the others. When their mother had been laid to rest, the brothers and sister sat together; but Herr Simon refused all refreshment; he was not able to eat. They conversed together; he told them briefly how he was circumstanced, and of his intention of starting again at break of day, and taking the way over the mountains to Ulten, and thence to Trent.

Suddenly a loud knocking was heard at the house-door. They all started. The priest asked cautiously, "Who is there?" "Open! open quickly!" was the answer. Recognising the voice of his brother Denis, he opened the door. Denis came in, agitated and out of breath: "Brother, you must fly—the soldiers!" "What! are the dogs already on my track?" "They have surrounded my house; they threaten to burn Morter to the ground, if you are not given up to them. Unfortunately, they found your cloak and papers in my house." "O heavens, the decree and the letter!" "Then they turned over every thing in the house, broke every place open, and even drove their bayonets into the bed my wife was lying upon." "The inhuman wretches." "I could find no means of escape to hasten to you, till at last I clambered from my roof on to the next house, and so got away. Had I not been able to prove that I had been absent from home, they would certainly have taken me prisoner." He ceased speaking; the sister sobbed; Blasius and Denis shuddered. "Do not give way thus," said the priest, kindly. "Denis, you return quickly home to your sick wife; besides, your absence might awaken suspicion. Take with you from Martell some one you can depend upon. If you see lanterns in the distance, turn out of the road, and send back your companion to me. I suspect, however, that the lowland soldiers will never venture on the difficult mountain-path during this frightful thunder-storm, but will wait till to-morrow to continue the pursuit. I am not afraid. With God's help, I shall easily escape them." Denis followed these directions; and as the Herr Simon was much exhausted, and felt that he must prepare for future exertions, he lay down on a bed in an upper room, leaving his brother Blasius to watch. He did not, however, undress, but only took off his coat.

But sleep was chased from his eyelids by the tumult of his breast, as sea-birds are frightened away by the stormy bil-

lows. Between three and four o'clock the church-bells began to toll; the smallest one rang first, then the next-sized one, and lastly the largest; then all three joined in chorus, and their clear voices, sounding through the solemn stillness of the morning, proclaimed the commencement of the sacred day. He then recollected the obligation under which every priest lies of offering up the Holy Sacrifice on that day; but under present circumstances he felt it his duty to obey the natural law of self-preservation. But these thoughts had already turned his soul to prayer; he rose, dressed himself, and said his office. About five o'clock he determined to set out on his journey; he called his sister to prepare quickly for him some poached eggs and a glass of warm wine for his morning repast. His sister was keeping watch at the house-door, and told him that his brother Blasius was gone to the church, as there would be only one Mass said there that day. Just then the bells told that the Mass was beginning; so while his sister busied herself in the kitchen, the priest stationed himself at the bed-room window to assist, at least in spirit, at the holy Sacrifice.

But at the first glance through the dim twilight, what does he see? Soldiers, just at the gate of the meadow-path leading to the house. "God be my aid!" exclaimed he; and threw on his brother's hat and cloak. Just then his sister came in with the wine and eggs; she looked at him with astonishment; he pointed to the window, stammering, "The soldiers! the soldiers! Farewell!" and rushed from the room. He took his way up some steps to the garret above, tore open the door under the roof, closing it behind him, and made his way through the underwood on the mountain-side, against which the house was built. As soon as he found himself in the open air, his terror vanished. The fresh morning breezes played upon his burning brow; he was in comparative security, for neither the soldiers nor their bullets could reach him where he was. But soon, with fresh horror, he heard cries proceeding from the dwelling, and imagined the soldiers were within; then he recognised his mother's voice pronouncing his own name,—the door opened, and he saw his mother herself, clothed only in her night-dress. "Simon! my Simon!" cried she, and ran with incredible speed over thorns and briars towards him. "Simon, take me with you! Let me go with you!" Exclaiming thus, she endeavoured to force her way, with bare feet and outstretched arms, through the thick bushes to her son, who fled from his own mother with greater horror than from his armed foes. At length she sank on the ground; and her daughter, who had hastened after her, drew her down, struggling and weeping, to the door. She was

with difficulty carried in, and the door closed. The poor woman had heard all from her room, which joined that of the priest — the words of her son, the lamentations of her daughter; she had sprung out of her bed and followed him, without any one being able to prevent her.

This last alarm paralysed the limbs of the fugitive; his strength failed, and at this moment he would have fallen an easy prey to his pursuers. Soon, however, a feeling of indignation gave him fresh strength. He ground his teeth together with a momentary desire of revenge, when just then the church-bell sounding for the Elevation recalled him to himself. The hill behind the house was covered with dwarf cherry-trees, larch-trees, and alders, thickly interspersed with hazel-bushes. Screened by these, Platzer determined to remain until he could discover what had become of his family, and which way the soldiers would turn their steps. For this purpose he chose his station behind a large tree, about 200 paces from the house. He sees with astonishment the Bavarians still in their former position on the road; now four soldiers pass by with fixed bayonets—ha! who is that led between them like a criminal just taken? it is Blasius. Platzer shuddered, leant against a branch of the tree, and groaned. They take off the coverings from their muskets (the weather had been rainy). The law-officers from Schländers prepare the manacles and irons, and open the gate. The troop, which consists of thirty-six soldiers, begin to move, one man behind the other; except that a soldier walks on each side of Blasius, who is third in the train and between bayonet-points. Some of the soldiers accompany Blasius into the house, the remainder surround it, and expecting every moment to see the pursued spring out, they cock their muskets and take aim. The shots passed through the window, shattering them to pieces; and the beholder could well picture to himself the brutality and tumult within. At length they drew off, and without Blasius. By this time a crowd of the inhabitants of the valley had collected upon the road; their unquiet demeanour betrayed their wish to be doing something. A disdainful laugh went round as the soldiers filed out of the field, and when the bearded sergeant-major gave the order, "Silence there!" the laugh grew still louder; some shouted, others whistled. The troop divided itself into several companies, which separated in different directions, to continue the search for the fugitive. Platzer resolved to avoid the low ground. He climbed up through the bushy and well-wooded "Tangthal" for about four miles, till he reached the solitary farm-house of Obholz.

The mists still rolled around the mountain-tops, and the

morning sun, in the midst of grey vapours, shewed like a faint point of light, which slowly grew larger.

In his broad-brimmed hat and countryman's mantle, our friend was already traversing the green pastures that surrounded the farmhouse. Now he had reached the house; he looked through the window, walked anxiously up and down, then suddenly advanced to the door and turned the handle of the lock; but in vain. He knocked till the house rang again; there was no movement; all was still. "They are gone to church; they will soon be back. But who knows if the old inhabitants are still here? Every thing on earth is unstable, unstable as these changing mists. At all events, it might be more prudent to reconnoitre these people from some hiding-place, before I trust myself to them."

Close to the house, which was built partly of wood and partly of brick, stood a large shed for hay, built against the hill. The flooring was supported in front by pillars of brickwork, and thus formed a receptacle for wood, baskets, sledges, and the like. Our friend took possession of this hiding-place, and entrenched himself behind the implements, &c., in such a way, that though he could see distinctly all that passed, he could not himself be perceived. A short time elapsed; then a boy came slowly up, carelessly humming a tune, and carrying a vine-branch, which he was holding up to see if any of the grapes had dropped off. He drew out of a heap of fir-chips, that stood against the wall, the key, and opened the door. "This one at least I do not know," said Platzer to himself. "I suppose it is the goatherd; how he reminds me of times long gone by—happy times!" Soon after he heard voices. Two young men appeared coming up the steep path in earnest conversation. They were dressed in long brown jerkins; one was tall and strongly built, about twenty-six years old: the glossy plume of a black cock nodded in his hat. His companion was of a slighter make, and seemingly less robust; he held his hat dangling from his hand, as he wiped his brow. They were now near enough for Platzer to overhear their conversation. "Those cursed Bavarians!" said the first, "we ought to have sent them off with broken heads." "It would have been rash, though," replied the other; "we should have paid dearly for every drop of blood." "Oh, you are always prudent and calculating; why a hundred rifles could guard the valley, so that not even a mouse could creep through." Talking thus, they passed by, with the long slow stride peculiar to the mountaineers. "Yes, yes, it is they, Peter and Anthony. It is fourteen years since I saw them. How I used to play with those boys, particularly Peter, about these

fields, and up above in the mountains! I wonder if their good mother be alive, who has so often given me bread and milk? God reward her for it! Who would ever have thought I should have returned here—like this? Oh, what a frightful labyrinth is man's life! No one knows where he is going. How much I have already gone through! and who knows what is yet in store for me? O God, thou only knowest it! But had I not better leave this damp place? Yet perhaps soldiers or spies may be tracking the footsteps of these mountaineers. I will have patience a little longer." He became again lost in thought; he abandoned his first plan for his journey, and was forming another, when he again heard footsteps. He looked out, and saw the good peasant woman, of whom he had so grateful a recollection, coming toiling up the hill. Somewhat bent and shrunk by age, she seemed different to what he remembered her; she was in deep mourning. In her hands she held a rosary; the large coral beads and silver cross hung nearly down to the ground. She passed on, murmuring her prayers, which were now and then interrupted by a sigh. Her daughter followed her with a modest and recollected air. Platzer was deeply affected at the sight of these friends of his childhood; never before had he felt so strongly how transitory are all earthly joys. It even seemed for a moment as if the figures that flitted past him were not living beings, but spectres risen from the grave. He could wait no longer. They were hardly out of sight when he crept from his hiding-place, listened for an instant, looked round him, and then advanced towards the house.

The goatherd was standing at the door eating a piece of bread, and gazed with astonishment at the stranger. "My lad," said Platzer, "do me a service, and I will reward you handsomely." "What is it?" asked the boy. "Stand here at this corner, and keep a sharp look-out that no one comes up the pass. If you see any one, give a loud whistle and come in." "Very good; you can trust to me till breakfast is ready."

After taking this precaution, he entered the house, and opened the room-door without knocking, as is the custom in the country, also keeping his hat on his head, only moving it a little in acknowledgment of the Christian greeting, "Praised be Jesus Christ!" "For ever and ever!" responded the mother, who at that moment came out of the adjoining room. Peter was cutting with a long knife a fresh roll of tobacco; Anthony was feeding and playing with a cross-bill. "Have you any sheep or goats to sell?" asked Platzer, disguising his voice and speaking in the rough Tyrolese dialect. He seated himself without ceremony on a bench, and looked quietly round the

room. Every thing was as in the old times ; the same round table and the same easy-chair, made of nutwood ; the same smoky Crucifix, with the same four pious pictures ; the same wooden cuckoo clock, even the same water-bowl of pine-wood standing in the corner ; and the same pots of rosemary and carnations on the window-sill. He was deeply moved.

Peter, pushing aside the roll of tobacco, looked at him with surprise, and said, "How come you to ask after cattle at this season of the year ? The passenger cattle-dealers always come in the spring, not in the autumn." "My good people," returned the supposed cattle-dealer, "in these times one must not think of what is usual, one must do things when one can." "What part of the country do you come from ?" "I was at Riffian till lately ; I suppose you know where that is ?" "Riffian !" exclaimed the mother ; "that is where Herr Simon was, whom the Bavarians are hunting so dreadfully. God have mercy on us ! what a fright we had to-day ! I am still in a tremble from it. God grant they may not lay hold of the good priest ; I have said my beads twice over for him on my way up." "I was by Blasius in the church," said Anthony, "when the soldiers carried him off. If the wretches had found the priest, they would have dragged him away too, even from the altar and from the Blessed Sacrament." Peter was glowing with anger ; clenching his fist, he exclaimed, "If either he or his brother had been carried away, the rascals would not have escaped so easily : we had sworn it !" "Do you know this Platzter ?" asked the stranger. "Know him !" echoed the mother ; "why, when he was a boy, he kept some cattle up in the Saugalpe, and we saw him almost every day." "We were always together," added Peter. "He knew every bird's nest for miles round ; he could hit a squirrel at the first shot, and once knocked down a hare forty paces off. He was the nicest lad I ever knew ; I shall never forget him." Just then Anthony, who had been looking attentively at the stranger, touched Peter on the arm, and whispered in his ear, "That is no Riffian peasant ; look at his shoes—his hands—how he muffles himself up !" "He is a spy !" interrupted Peter suddenly, and almost aloud. "The scoundrel ! he is after Herr Simon ! but he shall suffer for it." Anthony with difficulty restrained him, and said to the stranger, "As you are from Riffian, perhaps you can give us some true tidings of the Herr Simon ; some say he has not been in these parts at all, others maintain that he was here in the night, but has now fled into the valleys. Have you seen anything of him, as you must have been there about the same time ? Or at least do you know where he is ?" "You need not be afraid of us,"

added the old woman ; " we shall be as silent as the grave : tell us if you know." The stranger rose, and threw off his hat and cloak. " He is here," said he.

Had an angel from heaven appeared with celestial greeting, their astonishment and joy could hardly have been greater. " It is he ! It is himself !" they exclaimed, first singly, then all together, kissing his hands and even his garments in the ardour of their delight. Upon hearing the cry, the daughter had joined the group, and now partook of their surprise and delight. The old woman trembled, sank down on the bench and sobbed. Platzter seized her hand. " Good mother, I have never forgotten you, I have often thought of you at the altar ! God greet you, Peter, and you too, Anthony." " Who would ever have thought it !" cried Peter. " Well, you can disguise yourself most completely," said Anthony. " But your father ?" asked Platzter ; " is he already in heaven ?" " I trust in God he is," answered the mother, covering her eyes. " It was on last Ascension-day that God took him to Himself," said the daughter. But you are exhausted ; will you not take something ?" " My good Josepha, I have not much appetite ; but I will take a few spoonfuls of soup, if you will kindly give me some." " The soup for breakfast is just ready," said Josepha. " Well then, I will join you at your meal." Such an occasion roused the old peasant woman : she hastened to produce from a press in the adjoining apartment the ivory spoon that had been a wedding gift ; she also brought out the beautifully woven table-cloth, which was reserved for festive occasions. Meanwhile Platzter conversed with Peter and Anthony upon his adventures.

They said grace aloud, and sat down to table ; the goat-herd had joined them, and stared not a little at finding the countryman transformed into a priest. " Shall I remain on the watch ?" asked he timidly. " First eat your breakfast, my brave boy." Platzter now endeavoured to swallow some soup, but was unable. " My taste is quite gone," said he ; " I do not feel otherwise ill, though." They all looked at him anxiously ; the boy rose, took his bunch of grapes from the shelf, and laid them on the table before the priest, saying, " Try these grapes ; at least they will cool and refresh you ; I will go and watch again." He was gone before Platzter could reply. He praised the lad ; and while the others related some traits of the goodness of his disposition, he eat some of the grapes, which in fact revived him.

" Now you must stay with us," said the mother. " Oh, yes, stay with us," cried the two sons and the daughter. " My beloved friends, you have no idea how vindictive and untiring

my persecutors are; it was only yesterday morning that they sought me in Riffian, and now they have already traced me to my home at Martell. Who knows if they might not follow me even here? I must continue my flight without delay; but I shall abandon my first plan of going to Ulten. Like a hunted hare driven from his course, I must follow the nearest path that lies open to me; I shall go over the mountains into the Grisons, to my beloved Bishop. May I ask a favour of you?—that one of you will go down to my brother Blasius for me.” “I will! I will!” cried both the young men together. “It is I who ought to do it, Anthony; I have been more with Herr Simon than you.” “Well then, Peter, you undertake the journey; and tell my brother to send to the Blue Rock on the Kreuzjoch, this evening, some trustworthy man to guide me over the mountains into Switzerland, and to send me by this man a peasant’s dress that will fit me; as also some bread and some smoked meat, and five dollars. Beg my brother to stay himself at home, with my poor mother and sister. Greet them heartily from me; tell them to pray for me, and try not to be anxious about me.” Peter was already at the door. “Peter, give me your hand once more; God knows when we shall meet again.” “Oh, do not say farewell yet, Herr Simon; I shall meet you on the Kreuzjoch.” In an instant he was gone, and was soon seen running down through the fields. “You must let me go with you,” said Anthony. “Why should you take that trouble? I know these mountains well.” “Oh, not on that account; but I want to have a long talk with you.” “That is another thing.”

The priest then gave them his blessing, and took leave of the mother and daughter; they wept as if parting with their nearest and dearest relative. The goatherd was still at his post; Platzer offered him a piece of silver. “Take this,” said he, “in return for the trouble you have had, and for your nice grapes;” the boy blushing, put aside his hand, and steadily refused. The priest, pleased with his good feeling, noticed his clear expressive eyes and intelligent forehead, and asked how long he had been at school. “Three winters,” was the reply, “and each time he has gained a prize.” “Should you like to be a priest?” “I should like it well, but I cannot.” “Anthony, the next opportunity, will you take this youth to the Herr Curate, and beg him earnestly from me to prepare him to study for the priesthood, as he once did for me under similar circumstances; with God’s help, I will take care of the rest.” The boy looked at him with his large blue eyes, which glistened with tears of joy; before he could answer, the priest was already some distance off. Recovering himself, the lad

hastened after him, and pressed a most fervent kiss on his benefactor's hand. The mother and daughter were standing in the garden above the house, to watch the departure of their respected guest; they continued to follow him with their eyes until the neighbouring hill hid him from their sight.

The clouds had broken, and their thin remains surrounded the azure space round the sun as with a silver wall. The rocky peaks of the mountains, with their varied shapes and sizes, looked like a row of giants, who, sitting, standing, leaning, basked in the sun after their stormy bath; from between the granite palaces and towers in the background sparkled the Glaciers, those mysterious labyrinths of ice and snow. The dark foliage of the forest wore a more cheerful green after the rain of the past night; the fading verdure of the Alpine meadows smiled as if at the return of spring; the rushing torrents alone, swollen and angry, revealed the recent war of the elements. Columns of smoke rose perpendicularly from the scattered farmhouses around and from the hamlets below; they seemed to tell of Sabbath rest and ease, enjoyed by the inhabitants of the valley; and our wanderer felt soothed in the midst of all his privations. Here and there he would stand still and look around him; rocks and woods, fields and hamlets—yes, the whole of the beloved valley of his birth, he impressed again upon his memory, that he might carry away the recollections of them as precious possessions to console him in his exile.

They had advanced up the valley a considerable way; through fields and pastures, over brooks and chasms. Now emerging from a pine-clad hollow, they ascended a rocky projection overgrown with hawthorn, from whence, as they well knew, extended a beautiful view over the valley as far as the church. Platzer hastened eagerly forward. His first glance was directed towards his beloved home. He saw the cottage; he distinguished the window at which his brother usually sat; he represented to himself his mother and sister, as he had seen them the day before. No one came in or went out; all was solitary and motionless. Then turning his eyes towards the church, he exclaimed: "Ha! the soldiers! Do you see them? There, near the sun!" "I thought I saw something dark," said his companion; "but I could not tell if it was men, or a drove of cattle, or what." "I see the muskets and bayonets. The peasants are collected round. God grant there may be no bloody encounter! Now they are drawing off—do you not see? All! all! Cannot you see? They are going round that hill; they are already hidden behind it. I hope they are at last leaving the valley. Thank God!" "You have eyes like

an eagle. Peter, too, can see people from one mountain to another, but I have been shortsighted ever since I was a child." Platzer now bid a last and fervent farewell to his home and friends, and then he and his companion continued their journey in the direction of the mountains, their path leading them over barren chalk rocks.

"Anthony, what is it you wanted to say to me? Forgive me, but I had nearly forgotten." "Why, I have heard a good deal, and now seen something, of how our priests are persecuted; but I have no clear notion why they are so, or how matters really stand. No one could tell me better than you, if it would not be too much trouble." "Not at all, dear Anthony; on the contrary, your desire for information gives me great pleasure. But where shall I begin? what shall I tell, and what leave out? for to give you a full account of the whole would be too much both for my time and your patience." "Arrange that as you think best."

"You know, then," began Platzer, "that the good king of Bavaria had promised solemnly to respect and protect all the existing rights of the Tyrolese, and particularly their religion. But alas, the protection that the Church received from those charged with the government was like that which the thorny bramble gives the poor sheep that seeks shelter beneath it."

"Ah, I understand you. We heard about the bramble and the sheep in the sermon to-day, but Herr Frühmesser gave it a different meaning; the bramble was the world, and the sheep the soul. But I have interrupted you."

"For the first year after the Tyrol was taken possession of, the Church was little troubled; but under cover of this seeming peace they were preparing to attack us. Suddenly decree after decree began to issue from the cabinet; they fell like destroying thunderbolts in the midst of all ecclesiastical discipline. The first decree was: '*All bulls of the Pope, and all episcopal acts, are for the future to be considered invalid and null, unless they have the royal confirmation.*'"

"Then the king at the very first tried to get the pastoral staff into his own hands. He wished to be both Bishop and Pope."

"Our opponents do not admit that. They, too, talk of the spiritual power in priests, which neither king nor emperor can possess; but they say that, as the clergy are but men, and misusing their high power, might make regulations prejudicial to the state; so the temporal prince, who is answerable for the weal of all his subjects, ought to have the right of overlooking them, and of preventing all that he considers hurtful."

"But according to that, a Bishop, before he consecrates a priest, must ask leave of his temporal superiors."

"In fact, the government has strictly forbidden the Bishops to consecrate any one priest who has not a testimonial from the head of one of the government colleges."

"Then they place more confidence in the professors than in the Bishops."

"So it seems, indeed. The government even arrogated to itself the pastoral right of appointing curates and parish priests; the Bishops were to propose three priests, and the king was to name the one he preferred, or if none of the three suited him, he might choose whom he pleased from the whole ecclesiastical body."

"But how can the king give spiritual jurisdiction, when he has not got it himself?"

"Why, they say this: 'That holy orders give to all priests power for every ecclesiastical function, and the king only marks out his post of action.' But the teaching of the Church is against this view. The Bishop does not only confer order, but also jurisdiction; and the priest can only become pastor of a flock by the authority of his Bishop."

"But, Herr Simon, with this new arrangement we shall get royal governors in the place of spiritual pastors."

"Exactly so; the Bishops themselves will be only looked upon as higher officials or state servants in matters of religion, as others in the affairs of war, learning, law, &c.; and as these latter receive their commands from the king, so, continues the decree, '*the Bishops are subject to the royal commands in spiritual affairs*;' nay, they are even required '*to swear a blind unconditional obedience to the royal government, whatever it may command*.'"

"Ha! ha! why, a common subject may not do that, to say nothing of a prince of the Church. I for one would not do it."

"The Bishops were willing to swear due obedience in all lawful things, but no conditions were accepted. The subject was to obey in every case, without exception."

"Yes, if one knew one would be told to do nothing but what was right."

"The Bishops emphatically protested, and appealed to the Pope. The Holy Father approved and commended their resistance, and exhorted them to stand firm. When the government found this, they forbade the Bishops to make any further appeals to Rome."

"That is just what I said before; the king is now both Bishop and Pope."

“At any rate, he will only tolerate the papal and episcopal power in his dominions so long as it will minister to the will of those who dare, with profane hand, to guide the bark of St. Peter.”

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

THE ROMAN REVOLUTION.

La Rivoluzione Romana al giudizio degl' Imparziali. Firenze, 1851. (*The Roman Revolution according to the judgment of the Impartial.* Florence, 1851.)

A TRUE and faithful history of all the events which have happened in Rome since the accession to the pontifical throne of our holy Father Pius IX., written ably and impartially, yet at the same time not without a definite political and theological creed in the mind of the writer, would be a most valuable and interesting volume; and such a one we had hoped to have found in the work now lying before us. We must confess, however, to having risen from its perusal with a certain degree of disappointment. It is not that we have to complain of any want of impartiality in the narration of facts, nor yet the absence of any definite political and theological creed in the mind of the writer; on the contrary, our own personal knowledge enables us to vouch for the accuracy with which he has recorded by far the largest portion of the events which he describes, and we have every reason therefore to receive with confidence his account of events during the very short period that we were ourselves absent from the scene of action; whilst as to his religious and political creeds, he is evidently a most devout Catholic, and, we think we may safely add, a very staunch Conservative. But what we desiderate is, a clear and philosophical view of the rise and progress of the Roman Revolution considered as a whole, as one great chapter in the history of Central Italy; we want some insight not only into the motives of the principal agents, but also into the means whereby they managed to overcome the difficulties which stood in their way, and to enlist in their service the great mass of the people, who at one time were undoubtedly opposed to them, and whose opposition, had it continued, would have proved fatal to the accomplishment of their purpose. And here the writer of this “Impartial View of the Roman

Revolution" seems to us to be singularly deficient. We give him credit for a conscientious adherence to fact as an historian; he certainly is not wanting in literary ability as a writer; but he scarcely seems equal to the task he has undertaken as a philosopher. He gives us the material rather than the moral connexion of the several facts which he relates; and thinks he has done his duty when he has shewn us their chronological sequence, without taking any pains to point out to us what is of equal, or rather of far greater import, their *logical* sequence. Perhaps, however, we ought rather to say that he has failed in this part of his subject than that he has not attempted it; for there are frequent references, in the course of his work, both to the celebrated Mazzinian *programme* of 1846, and also to other later manifestoes of that arch-revolutionist and of some few of his collaborators. In all cases, however, they seem to us to fall short of the purpose for which they are adduced; they are clear proofs both of the talent and of the wickedness of the leaders, but they furnish no account of the motives of the subordinate instruments, who yet were all-important to the success of the undertaking in hand. For instance, to give the most obvious example of what we mean, we can nowhere gather from this writer's pages whether he considers the Roman people to have lent themselves eventually to the designs of the revolutionary party because they were corrupted, or because they were deceived; yet this is surely a most important item, and one which should be clearly understood, if we would make either a right estimate of what is past, or a probable conjecture on what is yet to come. Again, we do not remember that he has any where referred—certainly he has not given sufficient prominence—to the disgraceful and almost incredible cowardice and want of spirit on the part of the Roman nobility, as one of the most powerful auxiliaries to the rapid development and success of the Mazzinian conspiracy. And so on with many other details; there is a general oversight, we should say, throughout the whole book, of all those numerous and most essential links which must necessarily intervene between the mind that originally plans, and the hands which eventually bring about, a great national change. The writer does not seem to us duly to appreciate the *difficulties* of a revolution; certainly he has omitted to explain to us how, in this particular instance, they were overcome. And yet it is precisely this very point upon which we should most desire to have accurate information. We may be interested as politicians in knowing something of the principles and projects of such men as Mazzini, Garibaldi, Armellini, and the rest, who enjoy an European reputation, such as it is,

and exercise an European influence; but we are interested, as Catholics, in knowing through what means those plans and principles were brought into operation, and made to produce practical results upon the population of Rome, the inhabitants of the metropolis of Christendom, the immediate subjects of the Father of the Faithful, where, if any where, one would have imagined that there should have been the most efficient safeguards against the introduction of principles so subversive of all order, morality, and religion. We repeat, then, that we rose from the perusal of this book with a certain feeling of disappointment at not having found there any adequate explanation of a phenomenon which astonished us as we witnessed it at the time, and which still perplexes us as we look back upon it, even with the help of that light which the issue of events always throws, in a greater or less degree, upon the whole course of action that has preceded it,—the phenomenon of a people supposed to be well instructed in the doctrines of Christianity, and deeply imbued with its spirit, yet burning with enthusiasm for their Sovereign to-day, and execrating him to-morrow; that Sovereign having done nothing whatever in the interval to account for the change, and being moreover their spiritual as well as their temporal ruler, the head of the Church as well as of the State.

We should have been glad also if something more had been said upon the subject of this revolution, viewed in its bearings upon the position and fortunes of the Pope, considered only in his religious character as Head of the Church. In this respect the present writer does not seem to be altogether free from that confusion of thought which characterises most of the productions we have seen that treat of the recent political history of the Eternal City. Protestants of course have not failed, according to their usual practice, to confound things temporal and spiritual, so as to indulge in the most triumphant exultations over the political fall of the Pope, as though it involved, and were in fact identical with, the decline of his spiritual power also; and so, in like manner, we have seen Catholic authors who, without falling into this gross and palpable error in precisely the same form, have yet laid themselves open to the suspicion of holding something very nearly akin to it, inasmuch as they seem utterly unable to comprehend the possibility of any good Catholic contentedly acquiescing in what would be the necessary political consequence of a fundamental change in the government of Central Italy, viz. the personal subjection of the Pope. The writers to whom we allude have seemed to look upon the personal subjection of the Pope, as a citizen, to any temporal power, as being *per se*, and in the

nature of things, incompatible with the government of the universal Church; as though it were not an historical fact that, during a period of several centuries, the Bishops of Rome, though themselves subjects, had yet governed the whole Church, and extended its dominion throughout the world. We could have wished, then, that this point had been more fully handled in the volume before us; for though, at first sight, it may seem to be rather a philosophical or theological question than one which must needs be discussed by a mere narrator of events, yet in truth it has such direct and important bearings on the estimate which must be formed, if not of the principal agents in a Roman revolution, yet certainly of the conduct of the great mass of the people, both during its progress and after its consummation, that we are inclined to think it ought on no account to have been omitted.

To come now from these preliminary observations to a closer examination of what this work really contains, we have no hesitation in very highly recommending it to those who really desire to have a full and trustworthy account of the events which happened between the publication of the famous amnesty by Pope Pius IX. on the 17th of July 1846, and the entrance of the French troops into Rome on the 3d of July 1849. It bears internal evidence of being what it professes to be, the work of an eye-witness, and is written with great spirit and animation. It is commonly reputed to be from the pen of one of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who was expelled at once from his home and his occupation when the Revolution had already made very considerable advances towards its completion; and this may account, by the by, for the very little that is said about that most important link in the chain of events which preceded the final catastrophe, the expulsion of the Jesuits. There can be no doubt but that this was one of the greatest triumphs which the republicans achieved during the whole two years of their active conspiracy; but we think the writer's modesty, and extreme anxiety to be impartial, has prevented him from giving it its due degree of prominence in the picture he has laid before us. That picture is altogether one of the most strange and wonderful that can well be imagined; "a strange and monstrous mixture," says our author (p. 205), "of love and hatred, of applause and derision, of feasting and of mourning, of hypocrisy and treachery, of piety and wickedness; subtle artifices and childish conceits, manners affable and discourteous; acts of humanity and of inhumanity, of mildness and of cruelty; yet all the while, and running through the whole of these apparently contradictory actions and affections, a steady, uniform, well-

ordered, and unceasing aim at one definite end,"—and that end at last obtained. Such is the picture of the Roman Revolution as witnessed by those who were personally present during its progress, and as it will always stand in the pages of history; and we must do this anonymous writer the justice to say that, after the most careful observation, we cannot discover that he has overcharged his picture even in the slightest degree; and we are satisfied that the same judgment will be pronounced by all who had an opportunity of seeing the original.

One of the most interesting portions, perhaps, of the present volume, to those who are already acquainted with the principal events which it records, are the historical sketches with which the author introduces each of the most important characters to his readers. One is naturally curious to know something of the antecedents of men who played so conspicuous a part in the history of the last few years; and our author has taken some pains to satisfy this curiosity by diligently searching the reports of the various police-offices and criminal courts of the Papal States, where most of the Roman revolutionary leaders will be found to have left traces of their earlier history. We extract the account he has given us of the famous (or infamous) Ciceruacchio, who was honoured by the intimacy of Lord Minto, and whose bust adorned his lordship's chimney-piece or sideboard, we forget which, during his memorable visit to Rome in the winter of 1847:

"Many persons believe that this man (Angelo Brunetti or Ciceruacchio) worked at first entirely in good faith, and was only a material instrument in the hands of the rebels, who loudly proclaimed him as a new Cola da Rienzo, champion of the people, tribune, dictator, and in a word, the *factotum* of Rome. This, however, is an entire delusion; on the contrary, he was a most notorious associate of the *Carbonari*, even from the year 1831. He had been admitted into that society chiefly because he could be of so much use to them in seducing the lower orders of the people, by means of the extensive connexion which he had amongst them as a carrier, a dealer in hay, and keeper of a public-house. Of a bold and daring turn of mind, fierce disposition, and impetuous character, he frequently got into trouble, and was often accused of very serious quarrels and assaults. Partly by means of his money, and partly through the dread which people had of him, he acquired a very considerable influence over the *navvies* (*facchini*) of the Ripetta and the bargemen of the Tiber, so that they were ready to do any thing he required of them. This was put to the proof in the year 1837, at the time when the cholera was raging in Rome; for it was he who instigated some of these bargemen, and other idle vagabonds, to set fire to certain public buildings, with a view to distracting the atten-

tion of the people, and engaging the police and military force of the government, whilst they availed themselves of this opportunity to attack the persons and property of their neighbours, and to disturb the public tranquillity. Most providentially the conspiracy was discovered in time, and the villains fell into the hands of justice. Ciceruacchio however, cunning rascal as he was, always so managed to conceal his own share in the business as to defy all attempts legally to convict him. He continued his mischievous operations, therefore, for many years in an underhand way, until at length he dropped the mask, and openly contracted the most intimate friendship with notorious rebels," &c. &c.

Such was the man whom the Roman nobles (to their shame be it spoken, for it was they who first set the example to the English diplomatist) condescended to court and to applaud, and even to admit to the privacy of their own houses as a friend and a companion. Similar sketches are given, in various parts of the book, of Sterbini, Mamiani, Galletti, Calandrelli, and others, as each first makes his appearance upon the stage to act his part in the great political drama that was to end in the temporary deposition of the Pope. Of most of these heroes of the revolution it has to be recorded, in addition to all their other crimes, that they owed their personal liberty, and so their power of doing mischief, to the beneficence of this very sovereign against whom they so immediately proceeded to plot; but we observe that in this particular the writer has not omitted to do justice to Mazzini, and to acknowledge that he at least has never pretended to be other than he is.

"For twenty years and more he has always been preaching the same doctrine, both in public and in private, by word of mouth and by writing, in letters and by books, without either circumlocution or tergiversation, but always clearly, honestly, and openly. Read the whole series of his journal, *l'Italia del Popolo*; read all the books and pamphlets, addresses and circulars, which he has published during these many years, and you will see that he has always been harping on the same string, ever hammering at the same nail, and affirming over and over again the very same principles which he still steadfastly maintains. On this head you will never find him inconsistent with himself; you will never find him using doubtful and ambiguous words, or trying to deceive his readers by concealing his real meaning. Nay more, I will say that in action too he has never displayed any meanness and littleness of mind: he has never had recourse to flattery, duplicity, or hypocrisy, in order to curry favour with his superiors, to gain the friendship of his equals, or to grow in the public estimation of the people. He has never dressed out his doctrines under the false disguise of fair words, but has always declared frankly that he desires the utter abolition of Princes, Pope, and Church; and that he will never rest from labouring, by every

means in his power, to bring about this end. Still less has he ever brought himself to swear, with tears of hypocrisy in his eyes, that he will be faithful to one whose ruin he had previously vowed to compass, or to promise devotion and obedience to one against whom he entertained real hatred and aversion. No! Mazzini has never stooped to such baseness as this; but must be acknowledged, so far at least, to be of an honesty unimpeachable. What was in his heart, was always also upon his tongue; and what his mind meditated, his words and acts and whole conduct openly displayed. "Now and ever" (*ora e sempre*) is his favourite motto; one which he bears not only on his seal, but in his life, so that the Mazzini of 1850 is in every respect the same as the Mazzini of 1831" (p. 213).

This extract will give our readers a very fair idea both of the literary merit of the whole work, and also of the spirit of candour and justice in which it is written. We might quote many other passages which display the same rare and admirable, yet for an historian most necessary, temper; but we rather call their attention to one or two circumstances connected with the character of the Roman Republic itself, which was the fruit of Mazzini's labours, and which has been so industriously misrepresented by the so-called Liberal press of this country, that even honest men have sometimes begun to doubt whether the charges that were originally brought against it must not have been grossly exaggerated, perhaps even were absolutely contrary to fact. Mazzini and others of his school have denied with so much apparent indignation the charges of falsehood, robbery, violence, and general anarchy, which were at first so commonly brought against the infant republic, and in justification of the French government for interfering with it, that many persons, we repeat, have eventually ceased to believe them; and yet those charges were strictly and literally true, as we ourselves can testify, and as the present history most abundantly proves. Indeed, as to the boasted absence of any flagrant crimes among the people during the brief but turbulent existence of the Republican government, it is more than enough to counterbalance all the boastings of the ex-triumvir and his associates to mention this single fact, that on the day before the French army entered Rome, the processes of all criminal causes that had been carried on in any of the Roman courts of justice since the expulsion of the Pope were burnt in the Palazzo della Consulta, in obedience to the express commands of the government (p. 340), in order that all memorials of the crimes that had been committed might perish together with the government under whose much-vaunted paternal *surveillance* they had been perpetrated. But besides and beyond this legitimate ground for very grave suspicion, we have

the certain testimony of those judicial processes which have been instituted since the restoration of the Pontifical authorities, and which bring to light scenes of horror and bloodshed such as would disgrace even the savage tribes of America or Oceania. We allude to the brutal murders of priests and other members of the ecclesiastical body at the monastery of San Callisto, some of which were actually committed in the most cold-blooded manner in the immediate presence of that monster Zambianchi, the self-constituted judge of the bloody tribunal, which sat there only to command the execution of all the clergy they could lay their hands upon. We allude also to the almost *more* horrible murder of the three unoffending peasants who were cut in pieces and thrown into the Tiber on the 3d of May, and whose murderers were then and there made the subject of a panegyric, pronounced (we shudder to say it) by a priest, Ugo Bassi, making use of the parapet of the Bridge of St. Angelo as an extempore pulpit; we allude also to the numerous murders that were committed in the streets of Ancona, and in many other cities of the Papal States, some in the broad light of day, others by night, but always with circumstances of malice and barbarity which it makes one's blood run cold to think of.

We will not, however, enter into details on this painful subject; but rather turn our attention to another feature of the Republican government, which is not terrible, but ridiculous. We speak now of their incessant and bold-faced lying. It has been said that the Roman Republic may very justly be handed down to posterity as the Republic of thieves; and after what we read in this work at pages 326-331, we are not going to dispute their right to this enviable title of distinction; nevertheless we are decidedly of opinion that if they are to meet with strict poetical justice, and to receive the reward which they most signally deserved, they ought rather to be called the Republic of liars. Falsehood was preeminently their *forte*; they lied without ceasing; sometimes cleverly, sometimes clumsily, but at any rate always; if ever they acknowledged themselves guilty of (of course *unintentional*) falsity, and retracted something they had said, it was only that they might substitute another falsehood in its place, that would serve their purpose better than that which they were about to withdraw. The newspapers of the day were one tissue of lies; printed lies were sold in the street at a baioccho a-piece, or even given away gratis; lies were industriously circulated by word of mouth among the people; and during the siege, the government absolutely reserved to itself the monopoly of lies by forbidding the publication of any information whatever touching the pro-

gress of the war, excepting in their own authorised and official gazette. Even as long ago as before the Pope was driven out of the city, this characteristic of the Republican party was so well known that no one ever dreamed of judging of their reports excepting by the rule of contrary. Did they announce a victory of Charles Albert? every one knew that he had been defeated. Did they proclaim a victory of more than usual splendour, and rouse all the inhabitants of Rome at midnight to celebrate it with ringing of bells, and a *spontaneous* illumination?—it was the final discomfiture of the Piedmontese and Lombard troops on the plains of Novara. We remember to have heard from some one who took the trouble to make a calculation, according to the statistics furnished by the Republican bulletins, of the progress of the war in Lombardy, that he had satisfactorily ascertained that the number of killed and wounded was more than equal to the whole of the Austrian forces at any time engaged in the North of Italy, whilst the number of prisoners was about three times that of the killed; and we are certain that this is not at all an exaggerated statement.

We will proceed to lay before our readers two or three interesting specimens of the achievements of the Roman Republicans in this art of lying; and they shall be taken not from mere idle reports, industriously circulated among the people, but whose responsibility can with difficulty be fastened upon any particular individual, but from the official, or quasi-official, announcements of men high in office, indeed of the public officers of state.

“Whilst Signor Lesseps was in Rome, the Triumvirs were anxious to give some proof to the French envoy that the people were resolved to have nothing more to do with the Pope, with priests, and with religion. For this purpose, Ciceruacchio and Materazzi brought together a number of their *bravi* on the 19th of May, and proceeded, in company with a sprinkling of the civic guard, who never failed to contribute their quota to functions of this kind, to the Piazza del Popolo. There they first threw down and broke in pieces the Pontifical arms which were over the doors of the churches; next they entered the churches themselves, and removing from their places all the confessionals there, brought them out into the middle of the piazza. From hence they proceeded, in the same disorderly manner, to commit similar outrages in the churches of San Giacomo, of Gesù é Maria, of San Carlo, and of San Lorenzo in Lucina, along the main street of the Corso. Without having any regard to the sanctity of the place, nor yet to the most Holy Sacrament, exposed in some of these churches to the public adoration of the faithful, they went in with uncovered heads, and shouting at the top of their voices, as though they had been in the public streets.

In the church of San Carlo, besides removing the confessionals, they also got into the pulpit, and with hatchets and pickaxes utterly destroyed it. By this means they got together into the piazza, in the course of three or four hours, no less than fifty-two confessionals, some whole and others broken, which they proceeded to arrange in a semicircle. Meanwhile some young men amused themselves with offering the grossest insults that licentiousness could suggest to the holy Sacrament of Penance, making use of the foulest words and actions, which modesty forbids me to repeat. Others, again, set the confessionals on fire, and the flames had already begun to rise on all sides, when Pietro Sterbini suddenly arrived, whether sent by the Triumvirs or come of his own accord it is not known; at any rate he bade them desist from what they were about, lest it might tend to embarrass the negotiations, which had been already begun with the French envoy. The true reason, however, of his interference, was fear of some outbreak on the part of the people, who took no pains to conceal their indignation at these outrages. The next morning the *Monitore* (which was confessedly the mouth-piece of the government) gave its version of the story thus: some stranger, they said, had been talking among a group of idlers, and had called them papists, and foretold that before long they would have all returned to the confessionals as of old; whereupon some of his audience, to convince him of his mistake, went into the church of San Carlo, and took some of the confessionals to make a bonfire with them; that as soon as the government heard of it, they sent Ciceruacchio there to put a stop to an act so irreverent and offensive to the majesty of religion, and that his interference was immediately successful; moreover, that diligent inquiries were being made to discover the author of so grievous a disorder. . . . Nor was this all. On the very same day the Triumvirs themselves put forth a proclamation, in which they gave their own account of the matter, utterly inconsistent with what the *Monitore* had said, and full of the most impious blasphemy. This proclamation characterised the act as an outburst of zeal, not well regulated by discretion; as grave and deserving of punishment, were it not for the goodness of intention on the part of the agents. It declared that the people had hereby demonstrated the utter impossibility of ever again restoring the priestly government that had fallen; that there neither is nor can be any true religion where there is not liberty; and that the cause of true religion and of free and immortal souls was all concentrated in the barricades, for which in truth these confessionals had been destined," &c. &c. (pp. 252, 3).

Nor is this the only instance in which the officers of the Roman Republic were guilty of making statements, not only in utter contradiction to the real facts of the case, but also at open variance with other statements concerning the same facts which had been put forth with their connivance, if not by their express authority. Thus, in the first official account which was

published to the Roman people of the engagement at Velletri between the troops of the Republic and those of the King of Naples, the Triumvirate announced that the Neapolitan troops were put to flight, and that the army of the Republic were pursuing them. On the other hand, the minister of war, Avezzana, announced that the troops of the Republic had conquered, but that from motives of compassion (!) they had not pursued the fugitives; and on the very same day Saffi, who was both minister and triumvir, wrote to the presidents of the various provinces that the Neapolitans were put to flight, and that "our troops are pursuing them in order to follow up the victory they have won." In the same way the triumvirs and Avezzana announced, that whereas but few soldiers of the Republic had been engaged in this battle, yet they had conquered sixteen thousand Neapolitans; yet they themselves published the official bulletin of Roselli, commander-in-chief of the Republican army, which said that the enemy numbered in infantry and cavalry about six thousand; lastly, the Triumvirate again declared that they were about fifteen thousand. These six proclamations may all be read in the bulletin of laws published by the Republic, and it will be seen that no two of them are consistent with one another; so that it is demonstrated that each minister wrote and printed what he pleased, without having even read what any of his colleagues might have written and printed on the same subject.

There is yet another circumstance connected with this so-called *victory* of Velletri still more ridiculous. The Triumvirate announced that, on the evening of the day on which they published their proclamation, a very large body of Neapolitans, who had been taken prisoners in the battle, might be expected to arrive in Rome; and they earnestly exhorted the people to shew great forbearance and brotherly love towards these unfortunate men, who were Italians like themselves, and who in truth thirsted in their inmost souls for the deliverance of their country; only, under the iron yoke of King *Bomba*, they were forced, in spite of themselves, to restrain their true feelings, and to serve as material instruments for the promotion of a tyranny which they detested: all these things, therefore, being taken into consideration, they were to be looked upon as objects of the most tender compassion, and not of insult. In consequence of this proclamation, a great many persons were led by a very natural curiosity to walk out beyond the gate of St. John Lateran to meet these prisoners; but they waited in vain even to a late hour of the night. They returned therefore the morning of the following day, and in due course of time they saw the victorious army of the Republic arrive, but in a most

dilapidated condition; Galletti's legion was almost annihilated, and that of Garibaldi reduced to half its numbers. However, they searched every where for the numerous prisoners they had been led to expect, but, lo and behold! only five were any where to be seen; and even of these five two were recognised to be Roman soldiers clad in Neapolitan uniform; and very possibly the other three may have been the same (p. 351).

The general indignation at this discovery was so great that even the *Triumvirs* themselves seem to have been ashamed of their own lies, and published a proclamation saying that there had been a mistake in reading the telegraphic despatches; the signals had been misunderstood, but that they would take care such an accident should not occur again. We dare say that our readers will be tempted to look upon this story as "too good to be true;" they will scarcely think it possible that any men, professing to rule a people, could dare thus wantonly to trifle with the intelligence and common sense of their subjects; could dare to publish such barefaced lies as must inevitably be very soon detected, and give rise to a strong reactionary feeling. Nevertheless we believe ourselves that the history we have given is literally true; for we are able to add an additional circumstance of the very same history which we received at the time from an eye-witness of the whole. The *Triumvirs* had stated that, in addition to the prisoners, the troops of the Republic had also taken a certain number of pieces of cannon. Accordingly with the five prisoners were brought in two small pieces of cannon, which our informant assured us he could identify as the pieces which belonged to the Palazzo Barberini at Palestrina, where they were used on all festive occasions for the usual *feux de joie*. He went down into the street to examine them more closely, and there he saw on them the well-known Barberini emblem of the bee: they had simply been stolen from the palace, not taken from the enemy at Palestrina, which had been the scene of one of the engagements between the Roman and Neapolitan troops. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

We are tempted to give one more specimen of the reckless mendaciousness of the officers of the Roman Republic, and then we take our leave of this most interesting history; but we beg our readers particularly to notice this present example, because it throws so much light upon the real means by which the Republic was both created and supported. We need not quote the innumerable speeches, newspaper articles, club circulars, addresses to the throne, and proclamations to the people, in which it was represented to be the unanimous wish of the whole nation that instead of the Chamber of Deputies legally elected under the constitution which Pio Nono had granted

them, there should be a new election of another and more popular assembly, which was called the *Costituente Romana*. This assertion was repeated again and again *usque ad nauseam*; indeed the unanimity of such a demand was the great argument on which they relied, both against the protests of their legitimate sovereign and any interference on the part of foreign powers. "It was the will of the people; nothing should withstand a nation's will; *vox populi, vox Dei*; it was idle to resist," &c. &c. Such were the reiterated assertions of the Republican demagogues; and at the very opening of the Assembly, thus unanimously longed for, Armellini, at that time Minister of the Interior, was the first to mount the rostrum and to proclaim that the *Costituente Romana* was the cry which rose up on every side, spontaneous, general, irresistible; so that to have withstood this cry would have been to disclaim the will of the people and the absolute necessity of the case: and yet in the very same speech Armellini did not blush to make the following statement as to the circumstances which had attended the ministers' response to this universal cry:

"We proposed it," he says, "to the Chamber of Deputies; but in some members we found cowardice, in others a confession of incompetency, or a plea of insufficient mission received from their constituents, in others again, open opposition. Many withdrew into the country, and others absented themselves from our sessions; so that, from want of the necessary legal *quorum*, all our deliberations were delayed, and in fact rendered impossible." He then goes on to tell them how under these circumstances they appealed to the people. "You know," he resumes, "with what difficulties we had to contend, and what obstacles were raised in our way. . . . The clergy thundered against us, the public functionaries abandoned us, the magistrates betrayed us, the municipal bodies chose rather to dissolve themselves, the very fidelity of a certain portion of the army seemed to waver;" and after this frank confession, he goes on to relate how they had been obliged to redouble their vigilance; to renew almost entirely the government of the provinces, putting in as presidents new men, of whose devotion to the national cause there could be no doubt; to recast all the municipal bodies, and in a word to make use of every means to succeed, to conquer, and to triumph. But if all this be true, (and everybody well knows that it is,) what becomes of the original boast, that there was an universal demand for the *Costituente*? since, according to his own shewing, the Deputies did not join in this universal demand, nor the clergy, nor the magistrates, nor the various public functionaries, nor the corporations of the different towns, nor even a certain portion of the army."

Such is unanimity, as understood by a few active and unprincipled men bent on obtaining a certain political end, and

having the power to intimidate or to overcome the opposition of others; such is "the sovereign and irresistible will of the people," as interpreted by a Mazzinian oracle; in a word, such was the unanimity on which the Roman Republic was founded, and such the veracity of its founders.

LAMARTINE'S HISTORY OF THE RESTORATION
IN FRANCE.

The History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. By
Alphonse de Lamartine. Vol. I. Vizetelly and Co.

WHATEVER be M. de Lamartine's own opinion, the world in general prefers his historical to his political exploits. He is guilty, it is true, of extravagance both as an historian and as a statesman. But in his books his extravagance is confined (chiefly) to his manner; it is only when he would sway men's actions in the senate or the council-chamber, that he degenerates into the fanatic or the charlatan. In both capacities he splits upon one rock—*éclat*. He writes like a rhetorician, and he would govern France like a tragedy king. If he is simple, it is too often with the simplicity of a labouring epigrammatist; so that even in his happiest passages, his undoubted genius is obscured by his unconcealable egotism, and his history is showy with the glare of the stage-lights, rather than clear and sunny with the broad pure light of open day.

Nevertheless—or rather, perhaps, in consequence of these defects—he is a popular writer, and deservedly so, both among his own fellow-countrymen and with English readers. Nor will the *History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France* destroy his reputation. To many it will be more acceptable than his *History of the Girondists*, for it brings us nearer our own times, and the personages of his story are at once more distinguished in their reputation, and more varied and interesting in their characters. The English publication of this (the first volume of the entire work) is undertaken with his own concurrence; and by way of defeating the efforts of literary piracy, he has added many passages, written in English, to the original French.

As a composition, the whole work will probably bear the stamp of this first instalment. It will be brilliant, forcible, showy, animated, and terribly *viewy*. It will be constructed

on a very unchronological plan, and go backwards and forwards after a puzzling and unhistorical fashion; and it will (like a vast review-article) assume in its readers rather more knowledge of what the writer is saying than they can reasonably be expected to possess. It will also be unequal in its powers of interesting; a lot which ever befalls the rhetorical historian, who trusts so much to manner rather than to matter, and is constrained to admit that *all* events are not equally the subject for a disquisition, a picture, or a phrase.

With many, if not with most, of Lamartine's *judgments* the English reader will agree. It need scarcely be premised that Lamartine strongly asserts his present republicanism, though he avows his early and deep sympathy with the Bourbons. His opinion of Napoleon is thus recorded:

"Napoleon was a man of the school of Machiavel, not of that of Plutarch. His object was neither virtue nor patriotism, but an ardent thirst after power and renown. Favoured by circumstances which never fell to the lot of any other man, not even Cæsar, he sought to conquer and possess the world at any cost—not to ameliorate it, but to aggrandise himself. This, the sole aim of all the actions of his life, lowers and narrows them in the eyes of all true statesmen. God never said to man, 'Seek thyself, thine own good; thou shalt become the centre of all human things, and thou shalt make the world succumb to thy own purposes.' On the contrary, He has said, 'Thou shalt be, as far as it is in thy power, a means, an instrument, a servant to mankind; thou shalt devote thyself to the good of thy people; thou shalt be great, not in thyself, insignificant and ephemeral being as thou art, but in thy people, an universal being, whom thou shalt serve, ennoble, and elevate.' This is the prototype of true grandeur. Sound policy and immortal fame are contained in this rule alone; for it exhibits the true virtue of a statesman, not only according to human history, but in accordance with divine wisdom." * * *

"Napoleon was born in Corsica, at a time when that island, having lost its nationality, was struggling to retrieve its independence. He declared against Paoli, the liberator of his birthplace; he sought a country, and chose the one the most agitated, France. He foresaw, with a precocious sagacity of instinct, that great risks of fortune would be, or were, the grand movements of things or of ideas. The French Revolution broke out; he threw himself in the midst of it. Did Jacobinism govern, he extolled it, affected radical principles, and assumed all the exaggerated manners of the demagogues,—their language, their costume, their displeasure, and their popularity. The 'Souper de Beaucaire,' a harangue fit for a club, he wrote in a camp. The tide of the Revolution rose and fell in proportion as the public of Paris was excited or calm. Napoleon rose and fell with it, serving with equal zeal, at one time the Conventionists of Toulon, at another the Thermidorians of Paris. Some-

times the Convention against the demagogues ; at others, Barras and the Directory against the royalists.

“ He yielded all to circumstance, and nothing to principle. With a foresight of who would be in power, he always joined the successful, rising indifferently with any or against any. As a youth, he was a true specimen of the race and times of the Italian republicans, who engaged on hire their bravery and their blood to any faction, any cause, provided they did but aggrandise themselves. As a soldier, he offered his skill and his sword to the most daring or the most fortunate.

“ This and nought else is observable in all his rapid career of fortune. The source of this fortune was no other than the favour of the most influential of the Directory towards a beautiful woman, who enjoyed the familiarity of the powerful of the day. Barras gave Napoleon for dower the army of Italy. He loved, it is true, and was beloved in return ; but his love was not disinterested ; it was mixed with the alloy of satisfied ambition. From this command dates the display of his genius. He communicated its spirit to his troops ; he diffused a youthful ardour in the antiquated camps ; he remodelled the laws of military discipline, and introduced an entirely new system of tactics ; he called into action the daring spirit—that all-powerful genius of revolutionary wars ; he accelerated the movements of armies, and gained tenfold the time by his marches ; he disconcerted the prudence and slowness of the pupils of a Frederick and a Landon. He conquered, made peace, and ratified treaties. Some nations he extirpated, others he respected ; he negotiated with those which, like Rome, had made a deep impression on the popular mind ; and, without pity or a pretext, remorselessly swept from the face of the earth others which, like Venice, were too weak for defence. He usurped every thing, in spite of authority, in spite of diplomacy, and of the very principles of his own government. At one time he proclaimed, at another betrayed, and then again sold, the dogmas of the French Revolution, just as the opportunity presented itself, or the necessity for maintaining his personal popularity in Italy and at Leoben required. Here he re-establishes despotism,—there he consecrates the observance of theocracy ; in another place he makes a traffic of the independence of nations, while he sells liberty of conscience. He is no longer the general of a revolution, the negotiator of a republic ; he is a man who has created himself, and himself alone, at the expense of all principle, of all the revolutions, and of all the powers that had invested him with authority. The labours of the human mind of the eighteenth century, of modern philosophy, and of the French Revolution, all alike disappeared. Bonaparte stood alone. It was no longer the age that moved—’twas a man who played with the age, and who substituted himself for an epoch. There was no France, no Revolution, no Republic ; ’twas he ! he alone ! and for ever he !

“ The heads of the Revolution, embarrassed by his presence, sent him to Egypt, there to conquer or to die. Here we see another

continent, another man, but still the same want of conscience. He announced himself as the regenerator of the East, who brought with him all the blessings of European liberty. At first he tried to persuade the people to allow themselves to be conquered. Mahometan fanaticism was an obstacle to his dominion. Instead of combating that faith, he simulated belief in it, declared for Mahomet, and denounced the superstitions of Europe. He made religion the medium of his policy and his conquests. The negotiator who had bowed before the Pope at Milan, now bent his knee to the Prophet at Cairo. Distance gives an illusory effect to exploits against an enervated race,—exploits exaggerated by fame, but which remind one of the poetry of the Crusade. All he there thought of was to imitate Alexander, and to gain his renown. No sooner, however, did he receive the first check at St. Jean d'Acre, than he at once abandoned all thoughts of conquest, empire, and Asiatic dreams, and left his army without being recruited, and without the power of capitulating as best it could. He put himself on board a swift-sailing vessel, and quitting the imaginary, came where all was reality. He preceded the rumours of his reverses, and took the popular feeling by surprise. He glanced around on the Republic, and soon saw that the time of anarchical danger had passed over; that its powers began to be regularly organised; that armies commanded by his rivals were triumphant; that the democratic government, bought by the nation at so dear a price, would soon become, if respected, an invincible obstacle to the life of a soldier. With armed force he conspired against that very government which had given him arms for its defence. To open violence he united stratagem, bribed his comrades, deceived the director, violated the laws of representation, ordered the decrees to be torn down by his bayonets, and took possession of his country. France before was a people, it was then only a man; and that man was Bonaparte. * * *

“False in institutions, for he retrograded; false in policy, for he debased; false in morals, for he corrupted; false in civilisation, for he oppressed; false in diplomacy, for he isolated,—he was only true in war, for he shed torrents of human blood. But what can we then allow him? His individual genius was great; but it was the genius of materialism. His intelligence was vast and clear; but it was the intelligence of calculation. He counted, he weighed, he measured; but he felt not, he loved not, he sympathised with none; he was a statue rather than a man. Therein lay his inferiority to Alexander and to Cæsar: he resembled more the Hannibal of the aristocracy. Few men have thus been moulded, and moulded cold. All was solid, nothing gushed forth; in that mind nothing was moved. His metallic nature was felt even in his style. He was, perhaps, the greatest writer of human events since Machiavel. Much superior to Cæsar in the account of his campaigns, his style is not the written expression alone; it is the action. Every sentence in his pages is, so to speak, the counter-part and counter-impression of the fact. There is neither a letter, a sound, or a colour wasted between the fact and

the word ; and the word is himself. His phrases concise, but struck off without ornament, recall those times when Bajazet and Charlemagne, not knowing how to write their names at the bottom of their imperial acts, dipped their hands in ink or blood, and applied them with all their articulations impressed upon the parchment. It was not the signature ; it was the hand itself of the hero thus fixed eternally before the eyes ; and such were the pages of his campaigns dictated by Napoleon, — the very soul of movement, of action, and of combat.

“ This fame, which constituted his morality, his conscience, and his principle, he merited, by his nature and his talents, from war and from glory ; and he has covered with it the name of France. France, obliged to accept the odium of his tyranny and his crimes, should also accept his glory with a serious gratitude. She cannot separate her name from his without lessening it, for it is equally incrustated with his greatness as with his faults. She wished for renown, and he has given it to her ; but what she principally owes to him is the celebrity she has gained in the world.

“ This celebrity, which will descend to posterity, and which is improperly called glory, constituted his means and his end. Let him therefore enjoy it. The noise he has made will resound through distant ages ; but let it not pervert posterity, or falsify the judgment of mankind. This man, one of the greatest creations of God, applied himself with greater power than any other man ever possessed, to accumulate therefrom, on his route, revolutions and ameliorations of the human mind, as if to check the march of ideas, and make all received truths retrace their steps. But time has overleaped him, and truths and ideas have resumed their ordinary current. He is admired as a soldier ; he is measured as a sovereign ; he is judged as a founder of nations ; great in action, little in idea, nothing in virtue ; — such is the man ! ”

But we shall do Lamartine injustice if we quote only his more ambitious sentences. His best are his more tender thoughts. Whether from art or by nature, he is more pleasing and less elaborate when scenes of suffering are before him. He is dazzled by the very word “ glory,” and can scarce preserve himself from sinking into the commonplace of Gallic extravaganza. Among the best of his more touching episodes is his account of the captivity of the Duchesse d’Angoulême. It makes a long extract, but it deserves to be given entire.

“ The Duchess d’Angoulême was the connecting link between the court of the Count d’Artois and the rigid court of Hartwell. She was the daughter of Louis XVI., the orphan abandoned in the dungeons of the Temple, after the murder of all her family, and after the long sufferings of her young brother, the infant king and martyred Louis XVII. There has never been, either in ancient or modern times, so tragical a destiny as the life of this princess displays. I

have delineated it in the 'History of the Girondists,' from her cradle at Versailles to the execution of her aunt, Madame Elizabeth, to whom her mother, Marie-Antoinette, had bequeathed her, on quitting her prison to mount the scaffold. I resume her history from that time, to follow her rapidly to the period when she was drawing nigh to the throne. The pity of France and of Europe had not lost sight of her since her separation from it. The misfortunes, the dungeons, the mournings, the executions, the tears of this young princess, suffering for the wrongs of her race, of which she was innocent (the victim of a revolution which immolated her father, her mother, her brother, her aunt, and left her alone in the vaults of a prison crowded by their shades,) had all made a deep impression on the memory and the feelings which connected the imagination of France with the absent Bourbons. It seemed to all generous hearts as if a deep remorse weighed upon the country at her name, and that the French people owed her a secret expiation. When outraged nature speaks so loudly in the souls of men, of women, of mothers, daughters, and young generations, nature resumes her place in national policy. The Duchess d'Angoulême was the feeling that influenced the cause of the Restoration.

"The day after that on which her aunt, Madame Elizabeth, the young sister of Louis XVI., had suffered on the scaffold, in the twenty-ninth year of her age, amidst the respect of the forty companions of her execution, who kissed her hand before they offered their necks to the executioner, the young princess, then under fifteen years of age, inquired of all the gaolers for her mother and her aunt, without the least suspicion that she was separated from them by death. She thought they were in another prison, or detained by the interrogatories of a tribunal. She was in hopes that the door of the tower of the Temple, on opening, would restore them to her solitude and to her tenderness. The gaolers were not cruel enough to undeceive her. Time alone and prolonged absence revealed to her the dreadful truth. She asked permission to send to them the clothes and linen which the two victims had left in the press of their chambers; the gaolers were affected, and held their tongues. The poor child was astonished, and began to suspect that her mother and her aunt had no further occasion for their prison clothes in this world. She melted into tears, without, however, entirely despairing of their return. This hope subsiding, day after day and month after month, in addition to the melancholy faces of the gaolers, at length convinced her that she must hope no more.

"Her mother and her aunt, on leaving the prison, had said to her, 'If we do not return, you must ask the Commune of Paris for a woman to assist you in the dungeon, that you may not be alone amongst all these men.' She obeyed out of deference to them, she says, but without any hope that her request would be granted by her hardened masters. They told her, in fact, that she had no occasion for a woman to dress her before those walls. They affected to think that her loneliness and despair would drive her to suicide,

which the piety of the young girl looked upon as the greatest of crimes. They accordingly took away from her those little knives which were at that time in use to remove the powder from the foreheads of ladies, her scissors, her needles, a bodkin, and even the most harmless implements of iron or steel requisite for female work, by which she might have relieved the idleness of her solitude, or mended her clothes, which were now in rags. They took from her even the flint and steel, with which she could occasionally dispel the darkness, and cheer her long sleepless nights; but even light seemed a luxury of heaven too great for the young captive, and she was forbidden to light the stove which warmed her prison.

"The only consolations she enjoyed were sleep, the sight of heaven by day through the bars of her prison-window, and a few visits to the Dauphin, her brother, a captive in a neighbouring dungeon, already reduced by sickness and the ferocity of his guardians. The turnkeys who conducted her in these visits were sometimes moved to pity, and were merciful, but often inebriated and brutal. The appearance and conversation of her brother only served to increase her consternation.

"This child, eleven years of age (auspiciously born, and when he entered the prison beautiful as his mother,) was reduced, fallen away, and prematurely faded. He had been torn at too juvenile an age from the care of his mother and the affection of his father, and delivered over to paid fanatics, to kill in him what they called the *young wolf* of the throne. He had been taught obscene songs, and popular insults against his own family; his innocent hand had even been forced to sign an incestuous deposition against his own mother, the impious meaning of which he did not comprehend. They had brutalised him, not only to dethrone him, but to deprive him even of his childish innocence and human intelligence.

"'This poor child,' wrote his sister, 'lay wallowing in his infected dungeon, amidst filth and rags. It was swept out only once a month. His sense of feeling was obliterated; he had a horror of the place, and lived like an unclean reptile in a common sewer. Nobody came near, but at the hour they brought him his nourishment: some bread, lentils, and a morsel of dried meat in an earthen porringer, but never fruit or wine. Such was the food of the child in his lonely cell. After the death of Robespierre these brutalities were softened in some degree, but they were still frightful.'

"'We found him,' said Harmand, representative for La Meuse, 'in a little dungeon, without any other furniture than an earthen stove, which communicated with the next room. In this place was his bed. The prince was sitting before a little square table, on which were scattered some playing-cards; some bent into the forms of boxes and little chests, others piled up in castles. He was amusing himself with these cards when we entered; but he did not give up his play. He was dressed in a sailor's jacket of slate-coloured cloth; his head was bare. There was a truckle-bed near his, on which slept his keeper Simon, a cobbler, whom the municipality

of Paris, before the death of Robespierre, had placed in charge of him. It is well known that this Simon played cruel tricks with the sleep of his prisoner. Without any regard for an age when sleep is so imperative a want, he repeatedly called him up in the course of the night. 'Here I am, citizen,' would the poor child reply, bathed in perspiration, or shivering with cold. 'Come here, and let me touch you,' Simon would exclaim; and when the hapless captive approached him, the brutal gaoler would sometimes give him a kick and stretch him on the ground, crying out, 'Get to bed, you young wolf!'

" 'I approached the prince; but our movements seemed to make no impression upon him. We begged him to walk, to talk, to amuse himself, to reply to the doctor whom the Convention had sent to see him; but he listened with indifference, seeming to understand, yet making no reply. We were told that since the day when the Commissioners of the Commune had obtained from his ignorance infamous depositions against his parents, and when he understood the nature of the crimes and the calamities of which he had been thus made the unthinking instrument, he had come to a resolution never to speak again, for fear they should take advantage of him. 'I have the honour to ask you, sir,' repeated Harmand to him, 'if you wish for a dog, a horse, some birds, or one or two companions of your own age whom we will send to you? Would you like to go down now to the garden, or go up on the towers?' Not a word, not a sign, not a gesture did he return, although his face was turned towards me, and he was looking at me with astonished attention. 'This look of his,' added the Commissioners, 'had such a character of resignation and indifference, that it seemed to say to us: 'After having made me depose against my mother, you no doubt think of making me depose against my sister. For two years you have been killing me, and now that my life is gone, of what use are your caresses? finish your victim!' We begged him to stand up; his legs were long and small, his arms slender, his bust short, his chest sunk in, his shoulders high and narrow; his head alone was very beautiful in all its details, the skin white but without firmness, with long, curling, flaxen hair. He could walk with difficulty, and sat down after taking a few steps, remaining in his chair, and resting his elbows on the table. The dinner which was brought to him, in a red earthen porringer, consisted of some pulse and six roasted chestnuts, a tin plate, with no knife and no wine. We ordered him better treatment, and had some fruit brought in to improve his meal. We asked him if he was satisfied with this fruit, and if he liked grapes, but received no answer: he ate without speaking. When he had eaten the grapes, we asked him if he would like more; but he preserved the same silence. We demanded if this obstinate silence had been really preserved since the day when that monstrous deposition against his mother had been violently forced from him: they assured us that ever since that day the poor child had ceased to speak. Remorse had prostrated his understanding.'

"The young princess, whose prison adjoined that of her brother, got a glimpse of him sometimes by the indulgence of her gaolers. She saw him perishing, and was herself dying with a double agony. Thus early was the hapless child slowly travelling towards death, like a plant drooping without sun and air.

"The Convention,' she said, 'on hearing of his approaching dissolution, sent a deputation to ascertain his condition. The commissioners took pity on him, and ordered him better treatment. Laurent, a more humane man than Simon the cobbler, whom he had succeeded, took down a bed from my room into the hole occupied by my brother, his own being full of insects. They bathed the poor fellow, and purified him from the vermin with which he was covered; but they still left him in total solitude. I begged of Laurent to acquaint me with the fate of my mother and my aunt, of whose death I was ignorant, and to let me know when we should meet again; but he replied, with an air of mystery and compassion, that he had no information to give me on that subject.

"The following day some men in scarfs, who came to see me, and to whom I put the same question, replied only by the same silence. They added that I was wrong in asking to rejoin my parents, since I was very well where I was. 'Is it not frightful,' I said to them, 'to be separated for twelve months from my mother and my aunt, without hearing any news of them?' 'You are not ill?' said these men. 'No,' I replied; 'but can there be a worse malady than that of the heart?' 'Hope,' they said to me on going away, 'in the justice and the goodness of the French people!'"

"Was this pity, or was it irony?

"Thus passed away days, months, and years for the captive of sixteen, in the tower of the Temple. At the beginning of November, the Convention, in a moment of mercy, sent a man with a kind heart to Laurent, to take care of the child. His name was Gonin, and he acted towards him as a father. The poor fellow was at last allowed to have a light in the evening in his prison, and Gonin passed whole hours with him to amuse him. He took him down sometimes into a saloon on the first floor of the tower, the windows of which having no shutters, allowed the sun to enter, and permitted him to see the leaves; and occasionally he took him into the garden to recover the use of his legs. But the stroke of death had been given. Gonin might retard his dissolution; but he could not renew the spark of life in this hapless victim of four years' solitude and destitution. The winter passed by in this manner, with tolerable uniformity; the princess having been allowed fire in her prison, and being also supplied with the books she named, that she might, at least, converse with the dead and with her God. She was only debarred from all information as to the fate of her parents.

"At the commencement of spring she was permitted, from time to time, to ascend to the platform of the tower, whence she could see the horizon of Paris, and even some of the surrounding country. What were her feelings on perceiving the roofs of the Louvre, the

Tuileries, the cathedrals, and the palaces of her ancestors! Her unfortunate brother, the Dauphin, was now rapidly dying; but the young princess was not permitted to attend upon, or even to see him. She only learned from his gaolers the progress of the disease which was consuming this poor child, and from whom she was only separated by a partition."

The murder of the Duc d'Enghien has been often told, but seldom with more truth and pathos than by M. Lamartine. Our readers will willingly turn to it once more.

"Harel and Aufort preceded the duke in silence down the steps of the narrow winding staircase, which descended to a postern through the massy walls of this tower. The prince, with an instinctive horror of the place, and of the depth beneath the soil to which the steps were leading him, began to think they were not conducting him before the judges, but into the hands of murderers, or to the gloom of a dungeon. He trembled in all his limbs, and convulsively drew back his foot, as he addressed his guides in front — 'Where are you conducting me?' he demanded with a stifled voice. 'If it is to bury me alive in a dungeon, I would rather die this instant.'

"'Sir,' replied Harel, turning round, 'follow me, and summon up all your courage.'

"The prince partly comprehended him, and followed.

"They at length issued from the winding staircase through a low postern, which opened on the bottom of the moat, and continued walking for some time in the dark, along the foot of the lofty walls of the fortress, as far as the basement of the Queen's Pavilion. When they had turned the angle of this pavilion, which had concealed another part of the moat behind its walls, the prince suddenly found himself in front of the detachment of troops drawn up to witness his death. The firing party selected for the execution was separated from the rest; and the barrels of their muskets, reflecting the dull light of some lanterns carried by a few of the attendants, threw a sinister glare on the moat, the massy walls, and the newly-dug grave. The prince stopped, at a sign from his guides, within a few paces of the firing party. He saw his fate at a glance; but he neither trembled nor turned pale. A slight and chilling rain was falling from a gloomy sky, and a melancholy silence reigned throughout the moat. Nothing disturbed the horror of the scene but the whispering and shuffling feet of a few groups of officers and soldiers who had collected upon the parapets above, and on the drawbridge which led into the forest of Vincennes.

"Adjutant Pellé, who commanded the detachment, advanced with his eyes lowered towards the prince. He held in his hand the sentence of the military commission, which he read in a low dull voice, but perfectly intelligible. The prince listened, without making an observation or losing his firmness. He seemed to have collected in an instant all his courage, and all the military heroism of his race, to shew his enemies that he knew how to die. Two feelings alone

seemed to occupy him during the moment of intense silence which followed the reading of his sentence ; one was to invoke the aid of religion to soothe his last struggle, and the other to communicate his dying thoughts to her he was going to leave desolate on the earth.

"He accordingly asked if he could have the assistance of a priest, but there was none in the castle ; and though a few minutes would suffice to call the curé of Vincennes, they were too much pressed for time, and too anxious to avail themselves of the night, which was to cover every thing. The officers nearest to him made a sign that he must renounce this consolation ; and one brutal fellow, from the midst of a group, called out, in a tone of irony, 'Do you wish, then, to die like a Capuchin?'

"The prince raised his head with an air of indignation, and turning towards the group of officers and gendarmes who had accompanied him to the ground, he asked in a loud voice, if there was any one amongst them willing to do him one last service. Lieutenant Noirot advanced from the group and approached him, thus sufficiently evincing his intention. The prince said a few words to him in a low voice ; and Noirot, turning towards the side occupied by the troops, said, 'Gentlemen, have any of you got a pair of scissors about you?' The gendarmes searched their cartridge-boxes, and a pair of scissors was passed from hand to hand to the prince. He took off his cap, cut off one of the locks of his hair, drew a letter from his pocket and a ring from his finger ; then folding the hair, the letter, and the ring in a sheet of paper, he gave the little packet, his sole inheritance, to Lieutenant Noirot, charging him, in the name of pity for his situation and his death, to send them to the young Princess Charlotte de Rohan, at Ettenheim.

"This love-message being thus confided, he collected himself for a moment, with his hands joined, to offer up a last prayer, and in a low voice recommended his soul to God. He then made five or six paces to place himself in front of the firing party, whose loaded muskets he saw glimmering at a short distance. The light of a large lantern, containing several candles, placed upon the little wall that stood over the open grave, gleamed full upon him, and lighted the aim of the soldiers. The firing party retired a few paces to a proper distance, the adjutant gave the word to fire, and the young prince, as if struck by a thunderbolt, fell upon the earth without a cry and without a struggle. At that moment the clock of the castle struck the hour of three.

"Hullin and his colleagues were waiting in the vestibule of Harel's quarters for their carriage to convey them back to Paris, and were talking with some bitterness of Savary's refusal to transmit their letter to his master, when an unexpected explosion, resounding from the moat of the forest-gate, made them start and tremble, and taught them that judges should never reckon upon anything but justice and their own conscience. This still small voice pursued them through their lives. The Duke d'Enghien was no more.

"His dog, which had followed him into the moat, yelled when he

saw him fall, and threw himself on the body of his master. It was with difficulty the poor animal could be torn away from the spot and given to one of the prince's servants, who took him to the Princess Charlotte, — the only messenger from that tomb where slept the hapless victim whom she never ceased to deplore."

PROTESTANT JUSTICE AND ROYAL CLEMENCY.

Statement of Facts relative to the Case of Mr. William Weale, Master of the Poor-School at Islington. Richardsons.

THERE exists a popular delusion to the effect that Protestantism, which, arrayed in a plain hat, coat, and trousers, is the deadly foe and unscrupulous assailant of Catholics, becomes the very type of all that is just, honourable, candid, and Christian, when seated on the bench of a police-office. This delusion extends even to the "gentlemen of the jury." We find ourselves imagining that a dozen country squires or London shopkeepers, who in their dining-rooms or back-parlours can scarcely restrain their tongues within the bounds of decency at the mention of the Catholic Church, are transformed into the beau-ideal of good sense, good humour, and truthfulness, so soon as the door of the jury-room is locked upon them, and they put their heads together to find a bill, or agree on a verdict, in a case in which a Catholic is the defendant.

Alas for our simplicity! Is the Lord Lieutenant's commission to the "Great Unpaid" the outward sign of a sacrament regenerating the soul? Is the hot air of an assize-court a species of purgatorial fire, cleansing away the abominable passions of the human heart? Fellow-Catholics, believe it not. Human nature is human nature still, even when invested with the awful prerogatives of justice. *Power* is the last thing to tame the unbridled longings of our foes. If they will strike us in their private, they will strike us with double force in their judicial capacity. Justices and juries in England, in the year 1852, are the legitimate descendants of the men who for 300 years have judicially murdered us, imprisoned us, given us over to stripes, to fines, to confiscations, and to torture. Is human nature literally regenerate in the nineteenth century? Is the world become the friend of God? What has occurred to render the indescribable enormities perpetrated for three centuries against us, in the sacred names of law and justice,

and with the most solemn cant of hypocritical perjury, now no longer probable or possible?

Doubtless here and there we meet with a just magistrate, or, still more marvellous, an unbiassed jury. The wife of Pontius Pilate himself protested against the murder of our blessed Lord; a murder, be it remembered, accompanied with all the forms and professions of rigorous justice. All Protestants are not the children of Pilate and Jeffreys. But such men are rare, and we cannot count upon their aid. We must lay our account upon being made to suffer in every possible case in which the iniquity of our enemies can contrive to bring us within the grasp of pretended law and justice.

If we want an example of what we may *all of us* look for at the hands of jury, witnesses, counsel, home-secretary, and even royalty itself, let us ponder well what has happened to Mr. William Weale, a gentleman who but six months ago filled a government situation, conferred on him when a Protestant, but who has been so foolish as to exchange Protestantism for Catholicism, and to consider that it is better to serve God by teaching and ministering to the poor, himself becoming a poor man, than to enjoy the advantages and comforts of his natural station in life, and which he might have enjoyed without one stain of sin. About the 8th of last July he entered on his duties as master of the Islington Catholic Poor-School, under the direction of Mr. Oakeley, the senior priest of the mission, for some time previously having devoted three evenings in every week to the religious and moral instruction of poor adults in the same district. Three weeks afterwards he corrected an extremely ill-conditioned little boy for thieving and lying, *with no extreme severity whatever*. A conspiracy, however, was instantly got up by some Protestants, against the wishes of the boy's parents. Mr. Weale was brought before the police-magistrate; on his trial, Mr. Clarkson, the barrister retained to defend him, *made no defence whatever*, not even calling the witnesses summoned for the defence; and Mr. Weale was summarily treated as a scoundrel, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the House of Correction. If ever there was an innocent man *victimised* by malice and the incredible conduct of the person who had undertaken his defence, Mr. Weale is such a one. The entire facts of the case are then forwarded to Sir George Grey, the Home-Secretary, with a prayer that the Queen will remit the iniquitous sentence. The memorial remains unanswered for nearly a month, and the petition is then refused in a printed circular! Such is Protestant justice and royal clemency *towards us*.

Mr. Oakeley has of course published a statement of the whole affair, which is now before us. We make the following extracts from his letter to Sir G. Grey, to shew what chance a Catholic has from his fellow-countrymen. About the 8th of last July, as we have said, Mr. Weale undertook the care of the Islington Poor-School. *Three weeks afterwards* the boy John Farrell was whipped by him.

“Yet it was produced in evidence, as if bearing upon Mr. Weale’s case, that cries had been heard from the school for eight or nine months before the assault; and this allegation (whether true or not is not here in question) was brought forward by the counsel for the prosecution between the verdict and the sentence, as if with a view to aggravate the penalty.”

Mr. Oakeley then continues :

“For the instruction of the Catholic poor, Mr. Weale’s energy of character, kindness of disposition, great natural talents, extensive information, and acquaintance with the habits of the poor, especially fit him. To myself and my colleague in this church and mission he was further recommended by his services as a lay visitor in our parochial district; in which capacity he had not merely gained the confidence of our people, but had been frequently instrumental in reconciling differences among the Irish poor which threatened the peace of the neighbourhood, so as to have received on one occasion the thanks of the magistrate on the bench, and repeatedly those of the local police.

“With these most favourable antecedents, he became master of the Poor Day-school here, as already stated, about the 8th of last July. It was on the 21st of that month that he was given over to the police by the witness Hinchley, on a charge of assaulting the boy John Farrell.

“When Mr. Weale informed me that he was about to be marched off to the police-office, I looked upon the matter as a mere trifle—the effect of an extensive popular feeling against Catholics, which unhappily prevails in this neighbourhood. Nor did this impression wear off when I found that he was to re-appear next day, to obtain the evidence of the father of the boy, who I supposed would refuse, as the mother had already done, to join in the prosecution. Though I knew neither of the parents even by name, I was aware of the well-grounded confidence which the parents generally reposed in Mr. Weale’s management of their children. The case, however, did not end there; for Mr. Weale was bound over, on his own recognisances, to appear at the sessions and answer to any charge which might be made against him. I soon became aware that influences were at work to induce the parents to prosecute, though none whatever were used on Mr. Weale’s side; but I was also told that the parents were firm in their resolution. Other circumstances combined to make me think little of the matter. No report of the police case

appeared in the papers for two days, and I was informed that the reporter in court made light of it. At length, on the third day, a report did appear in all the papers, highly coloured in its tone, in which, among other inaccuracies, the witness Hinchley was apparently represented as giving testimony on oath, whereas he was not sworn. The next day a leading journal took the matter up in a prominent article; founded an argument upon the notion, which the police report had favoured, that Mr. Weale was a priest (the fact being that he was not even an ecclesiastic), and used a great deal of language calculated in the highest degree to inflame the public mind. The mistake as to Mr. Weale's profession was immediately contradicted from authority; but as the contradiction did not appear for two days, time was given to circulate the untruth, with irritating comments, in all the Sunday papers, the advertising placards of which drew public attention to the subject in this as in other neighbourhoods. The statement as to Mr. Weale being a priest, often as it has been contradicted, has been reproduced in a Sunday paper even since his trial. The effect of all this agitation was, of course, to stimulate the prosecution, and to produce large subscriptions towards the expense of conducting it. For this purpose, too, a meeting was got up in the borough. The extent and virulence of the feeling will appear from the four specimens which I send (A. B. C. D.) of the anonymous letters which poured in upon the clergy of this church on the days immediately following the appearance of the newspaper articles of which I have spoken, and founded, as will be seen, upon the first of them. I have sent these letters as they are, because, as will be seen, the language used by them is too shocking to be even transcribed. They contain the most abominable charges, and threaten bodily injury. I beg attention especially to the postscript of that marked D. These letters will serve to shew what kind of influences were at work to urge on the prosecution, in which I have every reason to believe the parochial authorities were most unwilling to engage.

"But indeed the learned judge himself bore witness in his charge to the jury to the prevalence of such a feeling, and manifested (I am sure with the best and kindest intention) his apprehension that the case might be, or had been, prejudiced by it.

"Here, too, I am led to notice another observation of the learned judge, bearing intimately upon the subject of this prejudice. The learned judge remarked that, whereas in ordinary cases the assent of the parents would be necessary to the successful prosecution of the suit, in this, for 'reasons which might be guessed,' that consent was not forthcoming, and need not be required. He alluded to 'peculiar circumstances in this case,' &c. If the learned judge possibly intended to suggest that some ecclesiastical influence or other had been used in order to deter the parents from prosecuting, I am bound to declare (always as upon my oath), and I do accordingly declare, in every sense of which the words are capable, that there are two, and two only, priests attached to this mission, of whom I am the senior; that for myself, I have never either directly or indirectly, nor (to the

best of my knowledge and belief) has my colleague, said a single word to either parent of the boy Farrell of a nature to deter, or dissuade, or discourage them from the prosecution of Mr. Weale; that as to the father of the boy, I never, to my knowledge, even saw him, and that I never spoke to the mother but once, which was on the evening of the 25th of last July (four days after the assault), when she visited me to complain of the treatment she had received in being 'called a brute by the magistrate.' Upon that occasion I saw her in company with two other gentlemen, who could attest that, while I used no word to increase her exasperation, neither did I say a syllable against any course which she and her husband might have wished to adopt, though in fact she declared their resolution to do nothing.

"Reverting now to the case itself. The boy John Farrell was taken within four days after the flogging to Mr. Clifton, a distinguished surgeon residing at 38 Cross Street, Islington, who pronounced the injuries upon the boy's person *to be so trifling as not to justify any prosecution of Mr. Weale*. It was the party interested in the prosecution who took the boy to Mr. Clifton. Mr. Clifton, moreover, has since stated that he has frequently known boys to be far more severely flogged than John Farrell in the Protestant school of this parish, with which he was once connected, without any complaint of severity having been made. Moreover, Mr. Hutchison, one of the medical gentlemen employed by the parochial authorities of Islington, was also consulted on the side of the prosecution as to the state of the boy, *and refused to give any opinion*. There are other medical gentlemen usually employed by the parish who were not consulted upon the boy's case. The only medical testimony given on the trial was that of the witness Huddlestone, a surgeon not known in this neighbourhood, who was not properly *consulted* at all, but being, as appears, on terms with Hinchley (vide an advertisement in the *Times* of September 25th, 26th, or 27th), *volunteered* an examination of the boy on July 29th, *eight days after the flogging*. Mr. Clifton has declared to me, in company with another gentleman (whose address I send), that Huddlestone's evidence is in complete disagreement with the result of his own examination of the boy four days previously; and although, having been consulted on the other side, he will not at present give me a certificate to this effect, yet he is ready to certify to it, if his evidence would turn the scale in favour of Mr. Weale's release.

"But further; on Saturday, the 26th of July (*i. e.* five days after the flogging, and *three days before Huddlestone's examination of the boy*), I took the boy Farrell, first to Dr. Charles James Fox, of 30 New Broad Street, and subsequently, in Dr. Fox's company, to Mr. John Hilton, resident in the same street, surgeon of Guy's Hospital, both of whom conjointly examined the boy in my presence, from head to foot, at Mr. Hilton's house (Dr. Fox having previously examined him at his home), and declared separately and together, that the discoloration on the lower part of the back *was not, in their judgment, caused by an instrument at all, but by the hand* (which the

schoolmaster had never used upon the boy); and in this respect I should observe that *their evidence is corroborated by Mr. Clifton*. With regard to a scratch which appeared on the boy's leg, Dr. Fox has a distinct recollection of his having said that it was produced by the whip of a cab or omnibus driver, and the same thing was said previously by the boy to others in my presence. Both Dr. Fox and Mr. Hilton agreed in pronouncing that the injuries, however occasioned, were not serious. The boy was all the time in perfect health, and returned to the school as usual the morning after the day of Mr. Weale's apprehension, which was the day of the alleged assault.

"Both Dr. Fox and Mr. Hilton have since declared to me that they could have completely contradicted Huddleston's medical evidence, had they been called. They were both subpœnaed, and in court.

"It may seem strange—and I can account for the fact no otherwise than by supposing that it was felt impossible to contend against a deep and extensive prejudice—that facts so material to the case as those which I here vouch, were not produced at the trial. The whole case was laid before the legal adviser, several witnesses (including Dr. Fox and Mr. Hilton) were subpœnaed and in court, when, to the astonishment of Mr. Weale's friends, the defence was virtually abandoned, and not a single witness was called on his behalf."

Such has been the treatment of Mr. Weale at the hands of the boasting, vain-glorious *law* of England. And we may rest assured that, as time goes on, the history of Catholicism in this country will present one continued series of such outrages. Not one of us is safe. Labouring men, tradesmen, gentlemen, and ladies too, going about our daily duties, ministering to the poor, the sick, or the miserable,—we may say some little word, or take some trivial step, which will be caught up by the enemies of our faith, misrepresented, and made the ground for a sham trial, or a violent mob-attack. Catholics of Great Britain, then, we say again, trust none but your God! Your friends are few, your enemies are legion. The devil is trembling for his own, and he will spare no means to wreak his vengeance on those who are undermining his power. We are fallen on wonderful times; and the persecutions to which our forefathers were subject, and from which we have had a brief breathing-time, are being renewed. From small beginnings they may go on advancing to a ferocity which now we can scarcely realise. Even as it is, while popular feeling remains thus exasperated, there is not one of us who, while silently and humbly performing his duties as a Christian, may not find himself suddenly transformed into a confessor for Christ's sake.

SHORT NOTICES.

Dr. Kenrick, the Bishop of Philadelphia, has added to his many claims on the thanks of his fellow-Catholics a completion of his version of the *New Testament* (Dunigan, New York). It is impossible in a brief notice to discuss its merits in detail; but its utility to the general reader of Scripture may be estimated from the character of the learned author's translation of the four Gospels.

M. Gondon, of the *Univers*, has published an English version of his spirited and clever *Letter to Mr. Gladstone, in answer to his Two Letters to Lord Aberdeen* (Dolman), which will be read with considerable profit by all who feel an interest in the conduct of the King of Naples, and the recent violent attacks upon him.

The Lenten Manual and Companion for Passion Time and Holy Week, translated and compiled by Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Halifax (Dunigan), contains instructions, prayers, and meditations, from Bourdaloue, Berthier, Pevion, and by Dr. Walsh himself. They will be most useful to English as well as American Catholics.

Mr. Maclachlan's clever pamphlet, *The Rock* (Dolman), is a reply to a Scotch Presbyterian's attack on the doctrine of Papal infallibility. Mr. Maclachlan is an energetic and vigorous writer, with a keen sense of the follies and impertinences of men like Dr. Lee, on whom he executes very summary justice.

Mr. Appleyard's *Welsh Sketches* (Darling) contain a great deal of curious matter on a subject little known to ordinary readers. They are worthy of a nook in the Catholic's historical library, notwithstanding the unique opinions of their author.

The genius of Mr. Cannon, author of *Poems Dramatic and Miscellaneous* (Dunigan), is unequal to tragedy. His shorter poems are pleasing and devout. The author is a good Catholic; but the sentiment of such verses as "A Sunday in the Country" is scarcely what it should be.

We should call attention to one of the last-published *Clifton Tracts*, for distribution at the present season: "Christmas Day; whose Birthday is it?" It is one of the most important yet issued. The Tract on the Litany of the Blessed Virgin is also excellent. "How Antichrist keeps Christmas," one of the early Tracts, should also not be forgotten just now.

The second volume of Miss Strickland's *Queens of Scotland* (Blackwood), completes the life of Margaret of Lorraine, and contains that of Margaret Douglas. We shall return at length to the series as soon as the next volume, which brings Miss Strickland to Queen Mary Stuart, is ready.

Those who would see Protestantism with the cap-and-bells should open the Rev. Robert Montgomery's *Church of the Invisible*

(Darling). Mr. Montgomery probably *has* a meaning, at least sometimes, and when he writes prose; but the most intelligibly expressed idea we have been able to discover is, that Popery comes from the Devil. As to his "poetry," with which his prose is largely illustrated, were Mr. Montgomery a critic as well as a maker of books, he would term it "blazing bombast" and "sounding sentimentalism." Yet this author is the Dante of the "religious world."

THE PANTHEON.

THE following is the history of the desecrated church just restored by Louis Napoleon to the service of religion. It was designed by J. G. Soufflot in 1757, but the first stone of one of the pillars of the dome was not laid by King Louis XV. until the 6th of September, 1764. The principal façade is imitated from the Pantheon of Rome. The church was dedicated to St. Geneviève. The National Assembly, on the 4th of April, 1791, changed the destination of the building, by decreeing that it should become the burial-place of Frenchmen illustrious by talent, virtue, or public services. All the signs which characterise a religious edifice were in consequence removed, and replaced by symbols of Liberty and the Republic; and the inscription in bronze letters was placed on the front, "*Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie reconnaissante.*" The honours of the Pantheon were awarded to Mirabeau, who died on the 2d of April, 1791. By decrees of the 11th of July and 16th of October of that year, the same honours were conferred on Voltaire and Rousseau. In virtue of a decree of the 21st of September, 1793, the body of Marat was transferred to the Pantheon, and that of Mirabeau was withdrawn. But after the affair of the 9th Thermidor, an II. (July 27, 1794), the remains of Marat were taken from the Pantheon and thrown into the common sewer of Montmartre. The National Convention, on the 20th Pluviose, an III. (February 8, 1795), decreed that the honours of the Pantheon could only be accorded to a citizen ten years after his death. Napoleon, by decree of the 20th of February, 1806, enacted that the Pantheon should be restored to public worship, but still retain the destination fixed by the National Assembly. The inscription, however, "*Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie reconnaissante,*" was only re-established after the accession of King Louis Philippe. Under his Majesty considerable works were undertaken, and at this moment the building is entirely finished, with the exception of placing bronze doors in the naves. The cost of the edifice altogether has exceeded 25,000,000 fr.

The Rambler.

PART L.

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A CONVERT.—We fear we cannot insert the verses, though they are very pleasing.

CATHOLICUS.—We have not been able to find room for the communication, but will do so, if possible.

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